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## THE LESSON OF THE SEA.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

I sit and I sigh in my sadness  
To see the swift sweep of the sea  
As it sways to and fro in its gladness,  
For what is its gladness to me?  
Or what can its mirth be to any  
Of the sorrowful souls of the earth?  
Its cruel, hal' hal' to the many  
In the houses of death and of birth?  
It shrieks but to echo the scolding  
That is shouted so wild from the sky—  
That is shouted to man for a warning  
That, ere the day dawns, he shall die.  
Nay, it bears on its snowy-white pinion  
The soul and the courage of man,  
These are they that have ruled with dominion;  
All the rest can endure but a span.  
All the travail and heartache and sorrow  
That dwell in man's body to-day,  
Will be greater than ever to-morrow,  
But the life of him speeds it away.  
The gay walls of such costly adorning,  
And the watchers of pearl at the door,  
Will be lifeless and cold in the morning;  
For the soul smiles upon them no more.  
Man weaves the deft cloth of his clothing  
On the use-roughened spindle of time,  
From the threads of his love and his loathing,  
And he gives himself pride in his prime.  
His own pride is the tool of his slaughter,  
And his knowledge the seed of decay;  
That which dwells with ruin is fraught  
Than that which is taken away.  
He leaves his fair house in derision,  
And goes to—he cannot know where;  
His life is a fable—a vision  
With wretchedness vocal, and care.  
He covers his head with vainglory,  
And dazzles his eyes with a light;  
He comforts his heart with a story,  
And launches his soul to the night.  
He knows not how far he must travel  
To reach the bright land that he seeks;  
The sea can the mystery unravel,  
For it washes the foot of The Peaks!

## Yellowstone Jack:

OR,  
THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED JORD.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHT-  
NING SHOT OF THE PLAINS," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"THE—the spirit!" breathed Yellowstone, in a tone of awe.  
Upon a slender point of rock that jutted out from the face of the almost perpendicular cliff, stood a fairy-like figure, clearly outlined against the gray rocks. The figure of a woman, or rather that of a girl, just budding into womanhood. Her features could not be distinguished clearly, though the awe-stricken trappers could see that her skin was dusky, olive tinted; her hair, floating free in the light breeze, was black. Her garb was plain, unadorned, even rude, seemingly composed of skins with the hair still on, her arms bare to the shoulder. In one hand she held a white bow; the other was just plucking an arrow from the quiver at her back. Then the bow was bent until the feathered shaft fairly brushed her ear, and when the string relaxed, the missile hurtled through the air, quivering deep in the ground several yards behind the trappers, as she uttered, in a clear, musical voice, speaking the Kaima-Blackfoot dialect:  
"I have warned you—beware!"  
"That's somethin' fastened on the arse-head," whispered Brindle Joe, whose eyes were like a hawk's.  
Yellowstone Jack, closely followed by his comrades, ran to the spot where the arrow had fallen, and as the young trapper pulled it from its earthen sheath, he detected a strip of buckskin wound round the shaft. Unloosening this, he eagerly gazed upon the small, curious symbols portrayed in red upon the white skin. Then the puzzled trapper turned to Brindle Joe. That worthy was staring in open-mouthed astonishment, pointing toward the cliff. The figure had vanished.  
"I knowed 'twas a spook—reckon we'd better pucker up, afore wuss comes on 't," he muttered, hoarsely.  
"Yender comes the boys—mebbe they've seed 't, too."  
As Yellowstone Jack spoke, the other two trappers came up the valley, their faces wearing a strange, uneasy expression. It was plain that they too had seen the spirit, and knew not how to account for it.  
"D'y' see the thing go?" faltered Hoosier, glancing nervously around, as though half-expecting to behold the mysterious being suddenly reappear at his elbow.  
"No—how was it?" Yellowstone asked.  
"Yest nat'ally riz an' flew up to the top thar—an' you kin see, a mountain goat couldn't find toe-hold whar she went," meesly replied the Hoosier. "She just made a few signs, like she wanted you to do somethin', an' then faded away like smoke."  
"I reckon she wanted us to mind what she says on this bit o' hide—look at it, Mebbe you kin make somethin' out o' it—I can't."  
"It's 'ritin'—I know that much," slowly replied Heely Hank. "I've kerried more'n one bit o' sech like, what Old Sam sling out, when we war skimmagin' wi' the Greasers for Texas. But I can't read sech sign—it's a blind trail to me."  
"My old man was powerful on them things, but somehow I never was no gre't shakes at it," feebly muttered Hoosier.  
"Ef 'twas beaver now, or red-skin—but never mind. I'll keep it, anyhow. Don't



Chavez flung up his hands and fell back, without a groan, a feathered shaft transfixing his throat.

reckon it kin hurt a feller, ef 't did come from a sperrit. I don't reckon she means us any bad, or she'd 'a' sent this arrow a leetle closer. It's Blackfoot, though—they ain't gen'ally the kind we mountaineer men call fri'nds."  
"Reckon she meant we'd better pucker up?"  
"You kin make tracks fer the Brigade, jest 's soon's ye feel a mind, Brindle Joe—but this beaver don't go on tel he kin see both ends o' the trail. Boyes, you hear me! I'm goin' to find out what that critter meant—what she wants and who she is, if it takes my last ante. Yellowstone Jack said it—which is me!"  
The men stared at him in mute amazement. They could not understand this kind of courage. Not one among them but could have faced death without a tremor, but this was different. What could skill or brute courage avail against a spook—a spirit?  
"Mebbe she is a spook—I don't know. They say there is sech things in these parts. But I b'lieve she's a good one, then. I don't think she'd do a feller any real hurt. Anyhow, I'm goin' to try it on. Ef she's human, she's bound to leave some sort o' trail behind her, an' I kin find it by goin' over the ridge, I reckon. You fellers kin stay here; ef I don't come back—"  
"Ef you're bound to go, Yellowstone, I'm wi' ye. Brindle Joe may n't be a count, but he don't go back on a partner," quietly said the trapper, though his cheek was still pale.  
"We'll go in a caboodle, then," added Heely Hank. "Five mountaineer men'd orter be a match fer the devil hisself, let alone a teeny spook like that."  
"Le's pitch this car'on into the bresh, then. Thar ain't time to clean up the muss, but I don't reckon any one 'll come this way afore we git back," observed Yellowstone Jack, setting the example himself.  
A few moments later the little party had passed out of the valley, reaching a point where the southern ridge might be scaled by an active, quick-eyed, sure-footed man, and then they peered curiously down into the adjoining valley.  
In this valley they had first noticed the spirit, who had as suddenly disappeared, without leaving any trace behind her, had vanished as completely and mysteriously as though she had dissolved into thin air.  
The surroundings, too, were well calculated to arouse the superstition of the trappers. This valley had a reputation second only to that popularly known among them as the "Devil's Kitchen," near Eustis Lake. Many an unlucky trapper had journeyed thither to "make medicine" at the Boiling Springs; many a fabulous tale was solemnly told of the strange sights witnessed, of the maddening temptations resisted, of the marrow-curdling combats with spirits, spooks, goblins, and even with the master of evil himself. Implicit belief in these wild legends and traditions is a genuine mountain-man's religion—too frequently his only one. "I would be a bold as lucky man who would openly doubt these marvels."  
"I can't see any livin' critter, unless 't mought be them black-tail," muttered Yellowstone Jack.  
"Look beyond the white mound, yender—I kin see somethin'—looks like a two-legged critter squattin' in the shade o' that bush-pine," added Brindle Joe.  
"I can't match eyes wi' you, pard—only wish 't I could. But ef you say so, I reckon it's thar. Come—we kin git down under kiver o' this bresh easy enough, an' then kin creep up behind the mound."  
Now that they had fairly entered upon the adventure, not one of the party betrayed any

hesitation. Yellowstone Jack led the way, but the others kept close at his heels. Nor did they neglect any of their usual precautions, but kept a keen look-out in every direction, not knowing what moment might bring a score of vengeful, bloodthirsty enemies upon them.  
The bottom of the valley was almost devoid of living vegetation. All around were scattered little mounds and miniature hills, of a dirty ashen gray hue, that afforded the trappers sufficient cover, thoroughly skilled as they were in the art of stalking. Here and there tiny jets of foul-smelling vapor issued from the cracked surface. A dull, subdued, rumbling sound came from beneath their feet, and more than once the crust seemed to shake beneath their stealthy footfalls.  
Cautiously Yellowstone Jack skirted the curious, truncated cone, that seemed composed of a dirty soda, and peered around the base of a broken column. A little cry of wonder broke from his lips. He saw two strange figures running swiftly toward him. One was undoubtedly the spirit they seen upon the face of the cliff. The other appeared to be an old woman, wild and weird-looking, her long, snow-white hair floating behind her, her limbs only partially protected by rudely-stitched skins.  
The two strange beings ran swiftly on until nearly opposite the trappers. Then they paused upon the brink of a large boiling spring, which, in past ages, had thrown up a calcareous deposit, forming a "curb" nearly ten feet above the level. Upon this "curb" the two women now stood, gazing upon the astonished trappers, who had not moved a muscle since their appearance.  
The eldest being grasped the bow held by her companion, and notched an arrow, as she uttered a few words in a shrill, cracked voice. Though evidently addressed to them, the trappers made no reply. Indeed, had not they been so bewildered, they would not have known what to say, since the words were strange to their ears.  
"Go—leave this place—the Queen of the Boiling Springs warns you—beware how you anger her!" uttered the younger being, in the clear, musical voice they had heard before.  
"The devil more likely!" muttered Chavez, too much of a daredevil for ought to cower him long. "I had one silver button left—I'll try her with that!"  
"Hold! don't fire, man—they're wimmen!" cried Yellowstone Jack, striking up the leveled rifle, though not in time to save the shot, though the silver button whistled high above the head of the witch.  
His hand was still grasping the rifle, when a flash of light seemed to blind his eyes, and he started back. Chavez flung up his hands and fell back, without a groan, a feathered shaft transfixing his throat.  
"My God! look yender!" gasped Brindle Joe.  
With a shrill, aldrith scream of laughter, the hag raised her hands and then plunged headfirst into the boiling, bubbling cauldron. And the next moment the younger being followed her example. A sullen splash—nothing more. Then all was still.

### CHAPTER IV. A FRIENDLY ENEMY.

A CRY of horror broke from the lips of Frank Maynard as the faithless pistol failed him. He grew dizzy, his brain reeled. A cloud seemed to pass before his eyes. For a moment it seemed as though he would have fallen from the saddle as his maddened and tortured horse plunged blindly forward. The terrified animals that were attached to

the democrat still dashed on, each bound carrying them still nearer the frightful death that now seemed inevitable.  
With an effort of will almost superhuman, Maynard crushed down the horror that well-nigh paralyzed both hand and brain, and once more leveled his revolver. The chance was a faint one. A wound, unless instantaneously fatal, would only precipitate the catastrophe. Yet it was the only chance.  
"God have mercy on them now!"  
These words burst from the young man's lips, as the hammer fell, for the second time, with a sudden click upon the tube. He knew now that his weapons had been rendered useless by the driving rain that had heralded the terrible powder. And, knowing that he was powerless to aid the dear ones who were in such dire extremity, he covered his eyes with his trembling hands.  
The sharp, spiteful crack of a rifle saluted his ear even above the howling of the tempest, and, amazed, he uncovered his eyes. At first he could distinguish nothing save a confused struggling mass, rendered indistinct by a flurry of snow, borne upon the wing of an eddying whirlwind. Then, with an arm of iron, he checked the mad career of his animal, just in time to keep it from stumbling headlong over the upset democrat.  
What had happened?  
When the maddened horses were seemingly just about to plunge down the canon—when less than a dozen yards of level ground divided them from the abyss, a single rifle-ball whistled from behind a boulder hard by, and tore its way through the near horse's brain. With one spasmodic bound it fell dead, dragging with it its mate, whose hoofs slipped upon the carpet of snow and ice.  
The light wagon was whirled sideways, and overturned. The occupants were cast out with violence.  
The off horse scrambled to its feet, and, madly plunging, sought to free itself. The traces held firm. The light wagon was jerked along. The dead horse was moved a few feet. One of the insensible women was rudely twitched around, so that her head pointed toward the abyss.  
It was Minnie. She had managed to secure the reins, and, winding them around her arms, had tried to check the runaway. Even now, while unconscious, her fingers closed tightly upon the leathern lines. And the terrified plunging of the shrieking animal threatened to drag her over the escarpment—to death.  
Thus matters were when Frank Maynard checked his horse and leaped to the ground. But he was too late to rescue his loved one from the danger that threatened.  
The animal gave one terrific bound, then stood upon the very edge of the precipice, rearing, pawing the empty air furiously with its fore-feet, as though striving to retreat from a danger just realized.  
One iron-shod hoof slipped. The frost-eaten rock cracked and crumbled beneath the strong pressure. A wild, almost human shriek of horror and fear broke from the lungs of the animal, as it felt itself overbalanced. And then, with a mighty leap, it sprang from the crumbling rock, far out over the canon's depths, dragging with it the dead horse, the wagon. One more scream—blood-curdling, intensely horrible—and then came a dull, crashing sound as the branches of the trees below gave way beneath their weight.  
Upon the very verge of the abyss, stood a tall, lithe figure, one arm supporting a drooping form, the other claspng a bright knife, flung back to restore his balance.

As the horse leaped to its feet, a man dashed out from behind the boulder, dropping his still smoking rifle, drawing a keen knife from his belt. He reached the insensible maiden, just as the mad animal plunged into the abyss, and with a swift stroke severed the reins that bound her wrists as his left arm passed round her waist. But it seemed as though his bold adroitness would be all in vain.  
The terrible strain upon the reins had dragged the maiden to the very escarpment, and, though he managed to check his rush just in time to avoid instantly following the horse, the stranger found that the lifeless weight upon his left arm was dragging him down—was surely destroying his balance, despite his utmost exertions. In vain he strove to leap back from the yawning abyss. An invisible power seemed restraining him—to be drawing him, slowly, surely down to death. With every muscle strained to the utmost tension—until they seemed about to burst—he could not take the single step that would carry him back to life, to safety. Instead, he was giving way. His tall form was slowly bowing, bending further over the dizzy depth, dragged down by the helpless body that hung so quietly upon his arm.  
Without that, he could have easily saved himself. By simply straightening out his arm, all would be well. And perhaps she was dead. It might be a corpse that he held. She was so pale, so quiet. Not a muscle moved. Surely she could not be alive! Should he give his young life for a stranger—and that stranger one whom his sacrifice could not save?  
That these thoughts should have flashed across the stranger's mind at such a moment is no stain upon his manhood. Life is sweet to all—even to him who had braved death a hundred times, who lived only for revenge. What had he, the death-hunter, to do with saving lives?  
Yet he banished the momentary temptation, and, clinching his teeth until it seemed as though they would be ground to powder, he continued his silent, horrible struggle.  
Then he was suddenly drawn back from the abyss, and sunk breathless upon the ground. A dark figure seized the drooping maiden from his arm, quickly, almost rudely.  
It was Frank Maynard, who had reached the stranger just in time to drag him back from death.  
The stranger gripped his knife more firmly, and seemed about to leap upon Maynard, but then the fire died out of his eyes, as he heard the soft, caressing words that fell from the young man's lips. He saw that this man was her friend, and said, coldly:  
"Take this—it is good whisky. If the lady is only in a faint, that is the best medicine. I will see what can be done for the other—though it was an ugly tumble."  
Maynard accepted the proffered flask, without so much as glancing up at the donor. He had no thoughts for other than the maiden who lay so white and cold upon his lap, for he feared she was dead.  
Vernon Campbell—for it was the young scout who had so opportunely appeared upon the scene—glided over to where Ada Dixon was lying. He stooped suddenly and tenderly wiped away the blood that slowly oozed from an ugly bruise upon her forehead. As though the touch of his hand had restored the spark of life, her eyes opened, resting wonderingly upon his face.  
"You need not fear, lady," said Campbell, in a soft, reassuring tone. "You are safe—the danger is past."  
"But Minnie—oh! I remember now!" and a shudder of horror agitated her frame, as her eyes closed.  
"She is safe—and with a friend of yours, yonder."  
"Then Frank—he was in time to save us?"  
"Yes—but do not think of that now. See if you have escaped serious injury. 'Twas an ugly fall—if you have escaped with whole bones, 'twill be almost a miracle."  
With these words Campbell offered his hand and Ada rose erect, though not without some little difficulty. She was stiff and sore, though there appeared to be nothing more serious than a few bruises.  
"Minnie—Frank, she is not—not dead!" faltered Ada, as she reached Maynard's side.  
"No—thank God! her heart beats—and see! she opens her eyes!" joyously cried the young man.  
Vernon Campbell turned abruptly away, and reaching the boulder that lay under an overhanging ledge where he had sought refuge from the powder, he picked up his rifle, and first running the wiping-stick down the tube, carefully reloaded it. Then his eyes rested upon the trio who still knelt beside the abyss, a dark shade resting upon his face.  
The still-fierce wind that poured through the narrow pass carried their words from him, so that he could not hear what they said. Yet their actions spoke plainly, and seemed to give him pain. A faint sigh parted his lips.  
Sad memories of the dead past arose before him. Time rolled backward and he saw himself a child, careless, happy, little dreaming of the future before him. He saw his gentle mother, his bold, handsome father, his pretty, artless sister. Had she lived, she would have been about the age of these fair maidens. Then he would have had something to live for, to love.  
But then came the surprise—the massacre. He saw his loved ones fall beneath the hatchet—he saw their scalps torn from their heads. His eyes filled with blood.  
But he had drunk deep of revenge—a Black-



foot warrior had fallen for every year of their lives.

At this thought the tall, athletic figure dilated and grew more erect, his blue eyes gleamed like polished steel, he half raised his rifle as though beholding an enemy before him.

It was only Frank and Ada, assisting Minnie toward the sheltering rock, and the wild fire gradually died out in the scout's eyes, as he silently made way.

"I haven't thanked you yet, sir," began Maynard, when he was rudely interrupted by the other.

"Wait until you're asked—time enough then to speak of thanks. Never mind what I have done—forget it, as I shall. Only pray that the time may not come when you will curse me for having put out a hand to save you from death."

"What do you mean—you speak so strangely that I cannot understand you. Who and what are you, anyhow?" added Frank, wonderingly.

"You would not recognize my name, were I to mention it. The Blackfeet know me; they call me Pacame-puck-on-the-luk—the 'Man that drinks blood.' But let that pass. You ask what I am. Your enemy, I suppose, since I act as guide to those who are tracking you to your death. But I will play my hand openly, since you are white, like myself. Listen now, and remember that I am giving you a chance for life. There—if you interrupt me, I will leave you in the dark, and the death of these women will be upon your head."

"Listen. There is a traitor in your camp. His name is Chris Camp. He is there only to betray you. For this he has led you miles and miles away from the right trail. You are now in the very heart of the Blackfoot country. Camp was placed among you by a man who calls himself Mat Mole, who commands the band of white men I guide. We laid the false trails that alarmed your people, and Camp interpreted them according to his instructions. Mole has eyes that look far ahead. He means to wait until failure is impossible, then he will strike. The Blackfeet will aid him. A strong party joined him only this day. They will attack your people soon."

"Why do you tell me this, if you are the enemy you say?"

"I don't know—because I am a fool, maybe. But it is true. The blow will come—the sooner you prepare for it, the better. But there—I wash my hands of the matter. You are warned—act as you please."

Speaking listlessly, Campbell shouldered his rifle, and facing the bitter storm, took a step toward the pass, when Maynard spoke hastily: "Wait—you admit yourself an enemy—you threaten us with death. Then why should I let you go free to carry out your plans? What is there to hinder me treating you as the enemy you confess yourself—from shooting you down where you stand?"

Campbell turned his head, but made no effort to avoid the loaded revolver that covered his back. There was a cadence of contempt in his voice as he replied:

"I took you for a white man. You talk like a Blackfoot. If I have made such a mistake, I deserve the worst you can give me. After all, it might be better for you if you did shoot me."

With these words, the young scout walked slowly away, never once turning his head, as though careless whether or no Maynard should carry out his threat. The revolver covered his back, but Frank hesitated to pull the trigger. It seemed too much like murder. If the man would only make a motion that might be construed into self-defense—but to fire under these circumstances was impossible. The pistol was lowered. The strange being disappeared in the pass, boldly facing the howling tempest that drove the mingled snow and sleet furiously before it.

The three friends crouched under lee of the boulder, but it afforded scanty protection from the storm. Maynard removed his coat and wrapped it around Minnie. He looked around for his horse, meaning to secure the saddle blanket for Ada, but the animal had disappeared. Unmurmuringly he took off his knit blouse and wound it around the half senseless maiden. Then he crouched down, bending over them as much as possible, seeking to intercept the cruel, cutting wind that almost pierced their very marrow.

That was a terrible, trying hour. It seemed as though all was lost—that they were doomed to perish. The sharp, stinging sensation of pain gradually became less poignant. Their limbs grew numb. A drowsiness stole upon them.

The fierce howling of the tempest changed—it seemed to lull, to become soft and musical, like the gentle zephyrs of spring murmuring through the freshly-leaved tree-tops. A stupor stole over their brains. Unconscious of their danger, they yielded to it—to the stupor that precedes death by freezing.

A strange sound rose above the wailing of the winds. A shrill, piercing cry as of some human being in mortal terror or intense bodily agony. Mingling with this was a dull, crashing jar.

The alarm roused Maynard, and he quickly lifted his head. He had been bending over the women, and as he rose, his temple came in violent contact with a sharp corner of the boulder. A tiny stream of blood trickled down his face, as though a vein had been punctured.

Beyond a doubt this saved his life, for it dispelled the death stupor that was stealing away his senses. He cast a bewildered glance around, but could see nothing to account for the sound that had startled him.

Then he realized the peril that threatened the women. He saw that they were nearly senseless—in that sleep which ended in death. The thought completed his awaking.

He remembered the flask that the scout had handed him. He ran to the spot where it had been used, and found it. A musical gurgle met his ear. He knew that enough remained for his purpose.

He rudely shook both Minnie and Ada. They replied to him, but in vague mutterings. He forced open their lips and poured the strong liquor down their throats. A fit of coughing ensued. The women were awakened. In eager words Frank revealed the danger that threatened, and finally succeeded in getting them upon their feet. With one upon each arm, he walked rapidly to and fro, unheeding their prayers that they might be allowed to rest—to sleep.

The powder had spent its force. The heavens began to clear. The snow and sleet ceased to fall. Though the wind was still powerful, it seemed less cold and piercing. The little snow that had remained on the level, rocky floor began to melt.

"Look yonder!" abruptly cried Ada, at the end of a longer turn than usual. "A man—" "An Indian—back—hide behind the rock," rapidly muttered Maynard, freeing his arms and drawing a revolver. "He shall not hurt you."

The head and shoulders of an Indian rose from behind a long boulder. The black eyes

were riveted upon the pale-faces, with a strange expression. Maynard thought it hatred, and leveled his weapon. For the third time that day it failed him. He had forgotten that the rain had rendered it useless. With a grating curse, he drew his knife and leaped forward. The Indian lifted an open hand, and muttered a few words in a harsh, guttural language, unknown to Frank. The reason was now revealed. A heavy rock had fallen across the savage's body, pinning him to the ground.

"Help him, Frank—look at his face. He must be suffering fearfully," murmured Minnie, gliding forward.

"It is a Blackfoot Indian—our enemy. You know what that strange man said. He must die!"

"It would be murder! God would never prosper us with such a cold-blooded crime upon our souls."

"And were we to free him—if he is not already fatally injured—what would be the result? He would shoot you down from ambush and scalp you, as a reward."

"He does not look like a bad man—see! he seems to understand our words. Frank, you must—"

"Hark! what is that?"

The rattle of firearms—the shrill whoops of Indians, mingled with the hoarse shouts of white men; such were the thrilling sounds that came to the ears of the little party.

"Hoo! Blackfeet—pale-faces! You help me—I save you," suddenly uttered the savage, in imperfect English.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### AN OLD FEUD REVIVED.

OWING to the formation of the hills surrounding the valley in which the outlaws—for such in truth they may be termed—led by Mat Mole had pitched their camp, they felt the force of the powder much less than the emigrants. Indeed, after the first furious blast that seemed about to sweep everything before it, the men arose and watched the tornado passing far above their heads, sweeping the hill-crests clean, tearing huge trees up by the roots, twisting the sturdy trunks asunder, hurling them hither and yon like jackstraws. But then the terrible hailstorm speedily drove them to cover again, while it lasted.

Mat Mole crouched beneath a jutting point of rock that securely sheltered him from all but the eddying wind. His brow was clouded, a vexed line surrounded his mouth. Something more than the storm was troubling him. The few audible words that dropped from his lips proved this.

"I was a fool not to think of that before—and now it may be too late—the chief will not be held back long, after what I told him. If I could only—and why not? Mat Mole does not look much like Gerald Manners—the eyes of love itself couldn't see the likeness! And I'll find no such eyes there—at least, eyes that sparkle for me. Then—I've not forgotten my old tricks. I can do it—I will do it!"

The heavy hailstorm had nearly ceased. Mat Mole left his covert and crept toward the spot where his horse-quipage had been secured, and then, carrying a stout skin-pouch, he returned. Pouring a few drops of a thick fluid from an antelope horn bottle, he rubbed his face, neck and hands with it. His peculiar, sallow complexion was darkened almost to the hue of an Indian. Bits of quills, wrapped with cotton, were thrust into his nostrils. This strangely altered his appearance. Mat Mole chuckled grimly as he peered into the bit of scratched mirror he held in his hand.

"Your mother wouldn't know ye, man—I guess there's no danger of being recognized even by Miss Minnie—your future bride—ha! ha!"

The quills had altered his voice, as well, giving it a peculiar nasal twang, far from being pleasant.

Mat Mole spoke a few words to Night-walker, and then gave his right-hand man, or lieutenant, Van Tobin, certain directions, after which he picked up his rifle and facing the storm soon disappeared from the curious gaze of his men.

One less resolute than Mat Mole would have been daunted by the perils and difficulties that beset his path, but he did not heed the thundering boulders and crashing trees cast by the tornado's might down the mountain side, though more than once he narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the ponderous missiles. His keen eye seemed to detect every peril by intuition, and he pressed along under lee of the mountain with an ease and celerity that appeared little short of miraculous.

An hour later he was threading the pass through which the emigrant-train had toiled earlier in the day. Fortunately for him the powder had spent its first force, or he could never have made headway against it. Even now the wind occasionally forced him backward, despite his struggles. Once it hurled him to the ground, rolling him over and over for fully a score yards, before he could regain his feet. Cursing bitterly, Mole bowed his head and plunged recklessly forward, his face bleeding, his garments soiled and tattered.

The sound of excited voices came to his ears, and a minute later the confused wagon-train loomed up through the driving snow. He could distinguish human figures staggering to and fro, struggling to keep their feet against the furious windstorm.

"Hello, there, you fellows!" shouted Mole, but the howling tempest drove the sound of his voice back.

The outlaw gained the hindmost wagon before any one paid him any attention. Even then no words were addressed him—only a brief stare of surprise.

The direct confusion prevailed. The emigrants were just recovering from the shock. Their first thought was of the wildly struggling, moaning, terrified animals. Twisted and entangled in the harness, the creatures were perfectly helpless. As though desirous of making a favorable impression, Mat Mole lent a hand, working as faithfully as though his own property was concerned. Only once he stopped to hiss a few words into the ear of Chris Camp. The traitor-guide started in open-mouthed amazement, but a peculiar gesture checked the exclamation that trembled upon his tongue, and he bent once more to his work, though his bronzed cheek was a shade paler than before.

The animals were freed and led behind the wagons that still stood upright. Two of them had broken limbs, and were put out of their misery. Many of the others were lamed. The overturned wagon was pried up far enough for the mangled body of the unfortunate teamster to be dragged out. It was a sickening sight, that shapeless mass, so recently full of life, spirit and sensibility. Even Mat Mole could not suppress a shudder as he averted his eyes.

"My God!" suddenly cried John Warren, "where is the democrat? I thought they had reached the hill yonder, but I can see nothing of them!"

"There is McCarthy—just getting up—he can tell, I guess."

The agonized father ran to where the driver crouched, groaning with pain, and demanded his child. Poor Terrence faltered out all that he knew; he had been thrown to the ground, and had caught a glimpse of the spring wagon as it vanished up the pass. With these words the poor fellow fainted.

"And we have been dallying here—while my poor child was being dashed to pieces! God in mercy protect her!" gasped the emigrant, for a moment dazed by the tidings.

Then his usual spirit returned, and he sprang for his horse, shouting for men to follow him. Half a dozen obeyed him, among them Chris Camp. Mole glided to his side and muttered a word in his ear; Camp started and his uplifted foot dropped from the stirrup. As Warren leaped into the saddle he noticed this action, and in a hoarse, unnatural tone shouted:

"You too, Camp—we may need you. Follow us."

Mole had turned aside. Camp hesitated for a moment, then leaped into the saddle and dashed after Warren. The outlaw chief uttered a fierce curse, his eyes flashing fire; but at that moment a firm hand was placed upon his shoulder.

"How did you come here—a stranger? But never mind—you acted like a man in lending us a hand in need, without waiting for an introduction."

"Mount'n law says—put a'n' enemy in difficulty whenever you kin, but help a friend out o' one. That's my style, boss," quietly replied the disguised outlaw.

"Difficultly enough, heaven knows! In all my life I have never witnessed a storm to equal this!"

"Waal, yes, I reckon 'twas a pritty far' specimen. Talk about y'r northerners o' the south—they can't shine in the little puffs o' wind we sometimes git up hyer in the hills—no, sir!"

"You look as though you had fared hardly, too!"

"I did git a taste. Was ridin' long keelless like, thinkin' to ketch up wif your train afore the storm broke, when the wind ketcht me an' rolled both me an' Patchie—my hoss, that is, boss—chuck over the edge o' the kenyon. I maniged to ketch hold o' a bush, an' saved my meat, but I reckon Patchie has gone straight to hoss-heaven, of that be sech a place."

"Catch up with us—but we have passed no canon lately," echoed the emigrant, Alfred Zimmerman.

"Tuck a short cut—kem through the upper pass," hastily explained the disguised outlaw.

"You were following us, then?" asked Zimmerman.

"Yes—but who's that feller—the big varmint, who's gawpin' at us 's though he'd never seed a free trapper afore?" abruptly demanded Mole, his voice changing.

"That—Bob Harris, he called himself. He joined us the other day, wounded; had some trouble with the Blackfeet, I believe. Why—do you know him?"

"Not by that name—though seems to me I've met him some'th'—or somebody a good deal like 'im. Told ye I was a free trapper. Two weeks back the red-skins smelt me out, an' lit onto me hot an' heavy. 'Twas led by a white feller. I put a lead-pill under his hide. Thort I'd made 'meat' o' him, but I mought 'a' bin mistaken. Didn't hev much time to take notes, but I'd swar 'at he was like enough to that feller yender, to be his twin-brother," quietly snuffed Mole.

"It may be—I have had my suspicions about him. He puts himself too forward. He finds fault with our guide—a very worthy person, who came well recommended—says that none but a fool or a traitor would have led us this far north. But hist—he is coming this way," and Zimmerman dropped his voice.

The mountaineer, Bob Harris, who had for several minutes been closely watching the outlaws, now advanced toward them, a peculiar light in his keen eye. A long rifle rested across his left arm; his right hand clasped the lock, as though to guard it from the driving particles of snow.

"Hullo, Zene Kallach—kem hyar to settle up, hev ye?" he uttered, in a quiet, peculiar tone that thrilled the emigrant strangely, he knew not why.

"I reckon you're yelpin' on the wrong trail, stranger," quietly responded Mole, and the nasal twang was now plainer than ever. "I was christened by the name o' Hurraw Jake—that is, ef I war christened a-tall, which I ain't justly swar to, bein' I was so young like. As fer settlin', I'm a free trapper—none o' your shifless squatters. Wherever my traps is set, they settle for the time bein'."

"Hurraw Jake's good—so's free trapper—so's cheek. Funny what big mistakes a feller will make sometimes. Knowed a feller one time what made hisself believe he war another man—fact! Most 's big a mistake as I made jest now. 'D'a swore you was a Blackfoot sub-chief!"

"Some folks he queer ideas o' fun—I reckon you're one on 'em, stranger. But see! I'm a babbly, mild es milk, when I ain't riled—'but then ag'in I'm a pizen airtquake on wheels! 'Nough's enough, but too much's plenty. Call me Green Burdock, or anythin' else you like, jest so ye don't go fer to insinivate as I'm sech an outdoocous pizen riptyle as a Blackfoot! That riles me—it does so!" twanged Mat Mole, puffing out his cheeks ferociously, while he slyly twitched his belt around, to bring the horn-buffed bowie-knife close to his hand.

"I said a chief—but I hadn't heard your tongue work. A squaw'd be better. But let that go. You'd orter know me better than to try to bluff me on jack high an' nary par."

Zene Kallach—fer I believe you be him. Ef so, no man'd dirty his han's wif rubbin' you out in a stan-up fight. He'd do like I've swore to do—put his heel on your head an' squash all the pizen out o' it! Thar—you needn't finger your knife. I ked bow ye through afore ye ked draw it. Wait a bit. These fellers 'pear curious to know what's up. I reckon I'll spin 'em a bit o' a yarn, jest to explain why I'm down on Zene Kallach. You kin lis'en, too, Hurraw Jake—an' when I'm done, ef you kin still say 'at you're not my game, then I 'poligize any way you will—wif knives or rifles, to suit," quietly said Bob Harris, as the emigrants began to gather around, attracted by the belligerent attitudes of the two men, more than their words, for the wind almost drowned these.

"Thar, old man—that'll do. You've tuck your own skelep. You needn't look no farder. We'll jest play 'at I'm the feller you're lookin' fer. Which shell it be—hot lead or cold steel?" gritted the outlaw, venomously.

"Then you giv' up 'at you're Zene Kallach?" eagerly.

"Give up nothin'! I'm Hurraw Jake, but I'll stan' in this feller's moccasins ontel you're satisfied."

"Don't be snatched, Blackfoot—you'll find the time quick enough a-comin'. Gentlemen, you want to know what's up, an' I don't blame ye. Felt the same way more'n once myself. Lis'en. Won't keep ye long, 'ca'se this—gen-

leman—'pears sorter in a hurry, an' I never like to disappint 'tber frind or foe.

"Nigh twenty year ago I fust met Zene Kallach, when we was both consid'able younger 'n we be now. I saved his life in a Injun scrimmage, when his skelp hed fair'y started. I nussed him like a mother, ontel he was a man ag'in. I shared my traps wif him, while he made pelts enough to git a outfit o' his own. We was like sworn brothers fer over two years. I told him all 'bout my folks to the settlements jest above St. Louey, ontel it 'peared like he war raaly one o' the fambly. I tuck him home wif me, an' told 'em all he was my brother, an' they treated him as sech."

"He was jest in time fer my only sister's weddin'. She married a young settler, poor, like we was ourselves, but true-hearted an' honest. But thar—I don't reckon as you feller feels much intrust in sech old matters. I won't try to tell everythin' that happened. Only you mustn't jedge altogether by this critter, es he is now. He was good-lookin' then, hed the a'r o' a man, an' hed a soft, smooth tongue."

"Waal—two years 'ater, Mary run away wif the cuss—tuck her little babbly along. We hunted 'em—me 'nd Jethro Cowles, her husband—but 'twas no use. We lost the trail. For a year I hunted nigh an' day. Then I 'arnt he'd struck out fer the Blackfoot kentry. I follered, but missed him, though I heard enough about him. He hed turned prairie pirate, and hed bin choosed a sub-chief o' the Blackfeet, who called him Creepin' Panther."

"But I needn't tell ye o' all I did; o' the long, weary years I spent in s'archin' fer the sarpint. I never set eyes on him but once. I was tuck by the Blackfeet then, an' one o' the braves recognized me. I hed sent a few o' his kin yelpin' long the last trail, an' they saved me to put me to the torments in style. I found Zene Kallach in the camp then. He 'em an' 'taunted me wif what hed happened. He told me that he hed soon tired o' Mary, an' as she bothered him wif her tears, he jest sold her to a half-breed Kanuck. He said she killed herself that same night. Es fer the kid, that he hed giv' to a Injun squaw, years ago."

"I stood this es long 's I could. Then I bust loose and struck the devil down wif his own knife. I thort I'd killed him, an' made a break fer liberty. I jumped on a hoss, an' got away by the skin o' my teeth. It was a year or more afore I 'arnt Kallach was still livin'. I've hunted him ever sence—but never set eyes on him untill this day."

"A solemnly story, but it don't prove me to be the feller you're lookin' fer," quietly observed the outlaw.

"Lift up the ha'r over y'r left ear. Ef thar ain't the mark o' a skelpin'-knife, then you ain't Zene Kallach," gritted Bob Harris, leaping forward and clutching the long black locks.

A simultaneous cry broke from the emigrants, as the telltale scar was revealed. But before one of their number could raise a hand, a long-bladed knife flashed in the air and was buried to the very hilt in the trapper's throat.

"That's my answer, Bob Harris—cuse ye!" cried Mat Mole, as he freed his hair and darted away from the wagons, running along the pass swiftly as a mountain goat, leaping from side to side to avoid the bullets that were hastily sent after him.

The stricken mountaineer sunk to the ground, a frothy blood oozing from his lips as he gasped: "God's curse rest on him forever! he's killed me, too—Mary—sister—I am—coming—com—ah!"

His head drooped. He was dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)

## Overland Kit:

### THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE JUDGE "PUTS UP" THE CARDS.

THE JUDGE stood just within the doorway, a look of blank amazement upon his face.

The others gazed into the room, and thence they, too, cried out in astonishment.

The body of Gains Tendail was gone!

There was the bed, the blanket spotted with the blood that had welled from the wounds of the stricken man, showing plainly where the body had lain, but the body itself had disappeared.

The room was a small one, lit by a single window. At a glance the eyes saw all that it contained. The window too was closed.

"What has become of the body?" cried the Judge in amazement.

"Durned ef I know!" replied Bill, in utter astonishment.

"You kept watch of the door, Rennet?" the Judge asked.

"Yes; we've not taken our eyes from it," the young man answered. "A mouse couldn't have got out without our seeing it, let alone a human."

"I'll swar that neither hide nor ha'r has come out of this since you went away, Judge!" affirmed the driver.

"Some one must have removed the body through the window, then," Jones said, a dark look upon his face. He stepped to the easement and opened it.

The window looked out upon a small shed. The Judge saw at a glance how easy it was for any one to ascend to the roof of the shed from the ground, and thus gain access to the room.

"I cannot understand this," he muttered, in an undertone, communing with himself. "What can be the motive for this strange movement? Some one is dealing me a blow in the dark. I must be on my guard or else—" Then the Judge paused in his muttered speech as Rennet advanced to his side and looked out of the window.

"I guess the idea," Rennet said, in the ear of the Judge. "Some accomplice of the girl has removed the body by means of this window so as to destroy the proof against her."

"Yes, it looks like it," the Judge replied, slowly and thoughtfully.

"But it does not make any difference; we are not going to act according to the precise forms of law here. Both Bill and myself can swear that we saw the man dead. I think that our evidence will be enough to convince any one of the death of the man, even if we cannot produce the body, or tell what has become of it."

"In my mind, the fact of the body being spirited away, is strong evidence of the girl's guilt," Jones said, with a covert glance into the face of the other.

"Yes, it is so."

"I think that I had better search her room; there we may be able to secure some proof regarding this terrible deed."

"That is the proper course, Judge."

"You had better make the search, and I will assist you," the Judge said, slowly.

Judge Jones seemed strangely ill at ease.

The two then went into Jinnie's room, Jones bidding Haynes remain with the prisoner in the entry.

"Nigh twenty year ago I fust met Zene Kallach, when we was both consid'able younger 'n we be now. I saved his life in a Injun scrimmage, when his skelp hed fair'y started. I nussed him like a mother, ontel he was a man ag'in. I shared my traps wif him, while he made pelts enough to git a outfit o' his own. We was like sworn brothers fer over two years. I told him all 'bout my folks to the settlements jest above St. Louey, ontel it 'peared like he war raaly one o' the fambly. I tuck him home wif me, an' told 'em all he was my brother, an' they treated him as sech."

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)

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The



happiness of one that I love depends upon her. For his sake, she must be saved!"

"His sake! who?" asked the old lawyer, in a maze.

"I cannot explain that," Bernice replied, in confusion; "I cannot explain to you the motives that actuate me; but, she must be saved," she repeated, earnestly.

"All right. I've only got one fault—I never could refuse a woman anything. I'll go for this one-horse judge again!" cried old Rennet, excitedly.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ACCUSATION.

It was after nine o'clock before the court assembled to try Jimmie Johnson for the murder of the minor, Gains Tendall.

The express office had been selected as the place of trial.

Of course it was crowded to suffocation. Judge Jones presided. The jury, twelve good men and true, were seated on a rudely constructed seat by the wall. A strong guard of well-armed men kept back the crowd.

All the noted men of Spur City were there—Dick Talbot, the man-from-Red-Dog, Billy Brown, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, Dave Reed, from Gopher Gully, Yellow Jim, of Paddy's Flat, and many others less known to fame.

Old Rennet had managed to squeeze in close to the line of men who kept back the spectators. Judge Jones opened the court with a brief speech.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "we are assembled here, to-day, for a very important purpose. Last night one of our townsmen was brutally murdered in the Eldorado Hotel. The prisoner, known to you all as Jimmie Johnson, stands accused of committing that murder. It behooves us for the reputation of our town to discover and punish the doer of the deed. Miss Johnson, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied Jimmie, firmly. "Why should I harm him? I never had any grudge against him."

"I'll bet a mule ag'in a yaller pup she didn't do it!" howled the man-from-Red-Dog.

The Judge paid no attention to the interruption.

"The court will now proceed to examine the witnesses," Jones said. "As the prisoner has no one to speak for her, I will see that she has full justice done her."

"I beg your pardon, sir; I stand ready to act as counsel for the prisoner!" exclaimed old Rennet, striving to push through the line of men, who resisted the attempt.

"Et you don't let the old fat cuss through, I'll climb all over you!" cried the Red-Dogite, shoving back the stalwart fellow who opposed Rennet's progress.

"What!" cried the guard, in rage, leveling his revolver full in the face of Jim.

"Say, you p'int that we've got to me, that'll be a first-class funeral round hyer to-morrow, an' you'll ride in the first carriage!" cried the man-from-Red-Dog, defiantly.

There was a lively prospect of a row for a few minutes, but Talbot and a few others got between the angry guard and the redoubtable Red-Dog man, and succeeded in calming the disturbance.

Rennet passed through the guards, and took a position by the side of the prisoner while the commotion was going on.

"Don't be afraid, my girl," he said, encouragingly; "you're not without friends."

A grateful look from Jimmie rewarded him for his words.

Judge Jones surveyed the old lawyer with a peculiar expression in his stern eyes; it seemed to be one of scornful defiance.

The troubled waters were calmed down, and the trial proceeded.

The first witness called was James Rennet. He gave a clear account of the discovery of the body, of knocking at the door of Jimmie, and of the discovery of the girl with the bloody knife in her hand.

"I found it on the floor, and took it up to look at it," cried Jimmie, interrupting the evidence.

"Hush, my dear," said the old lawyer.

Young Rennet then told of his summoning Judge Jones, and of the events that followed.

Ginger Bill, the driver, then gave his evidence, which differed but little from that of Rennet. The only important point was that it indicated the time when the murder must have been committed.

Old Rennet put a few unimportant questions to the two witnesses; they chiefly related to the appearance of the murdered man when discovered by them.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, the way the evidence tends," the Judge said. "They put the minor, Tendall, to bed, and about an hour afterward found him weltering in his gore; then, on knocking at the door of the prisoner's room, the door flies open, and the prisoner is discovered with a bloody bowie-knife in her hand, and some portions of her dress stained with blood."

The Judge then produced the apron, which showed the blood spots plainly on its white surface.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the old lawyer, in his bland, oily way, "as the proceedings of this court are not conducted according to regular rules, I propose that we let Miss Jimmie tell her own story about this bloody knife and the spots of blood upon her garments. We are after the truth, and, of course, it doesn't matter much how we get it, as long as we do get it. I have too much faith in the manhood of the free American citizens here on the frontier, the pioneers of civilization, bearing the starry banner of our great republic amid hostile foes, to doubt but they will do full justice to a young and helpless woman, especially when her life and death hangs on their acts!"

And after this little Fourth-of-Julyism—this fragment of the "stump," Rennet looked around and smiled benignly. The little hum of approval that arose told that his shot had struck home.

"Now, my dear, give us your account of this affair," continued the old lawyer, addressing the girl.

"Yes, sir," Jimmie said, in a clear voice, and without a trace of embarrassment in her manner. "After I lit the candle, I went up stairs to my room. I knew that there was a candle there, so I didn't carry one up with me, only some matches. I lit the candle, and it took me a few minutes, because I couldn't make the matches burn that I had with me; so I had to hunt for some that were in the room. After I lit the candle, I turned round to fasten the door, and then I saw the Bowie-knife covered with blood, lying on the floor. From the place it was lying, I judged that some one had opened the door in the dark and thrown it in. That was what I thought the moment I saw it. I picked it up and some of the blood dripped off on my dress, and just then the door flew open, and I saw Mr. Rennet and Bill. When they told me that Gay was murdered, I guessed instantly that he had been killed by the knife that I held in my hand. Of course I felt faint just a bit, though I ain't one of the fainting kind."

All within the room had listened attentively to the girl's words, and few there but believed that she spoke the truth.

Old Rennet looked around with an air of triumph.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury, how clear, how lucid is the young lady's statement. It carries conviction on the face of it. See how plain it is that the murderer, after committing the deed of blood, was naturally anxious to get rid of the bloody instrument, and opening the first door that came handy, cast in the crimson-stained knife. And again, I put it to you, gentlemen of the jury, as sensible and intelligent men, is it natural for any one to commit such a cold-blooded, coolly-calculated murder, as this deed of blood must have been, and then allow himself or herself to be surprised with the very weapon of death, stained with the blood of the victim, in his or her hand? Of course not! It is utterly out of the question. The first impulse of the criminal is to remove all evidence implicating him with the foul deed. And now we come to the strongest point of all. What motive had this girl to commit the deed? Weigh that question well! What difference could it possibly make to her whether Gains Tendall was in the world or out of it? That's the point!" And Rennet paused and looked around him, as if to give time for all to consider his words.

"A man does not stain his soul in crime without an object. There was some reason for this murder, but you cannot connect the prisoner at the bar with it. There is no motive whatever for her committing the deed. The evidence against her, too, is of the weakest kind. Let me ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to put yourselves in the place of this girl; let any one of you enter your apartment at night, and finding a bloody knife on the floor, what would be more natural than for you to pick it up and examine it? Then some one opens the door suddenly; you are found with the knife in your hand. How would any one of you like to be convicted of murder on such evidence?"

The keen eyes of the old lawyer detected by the expression upon the faces of the jury that he had made the impression that he wished; but the cold smile which hovered around Judge Jones' lips puzzled him.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the Judge said, in his harsh, stern voice, "you have listened to the eloquent address of this distinguished gentleman from the East. It is not for me, very little of a lawyer, to attempt to measure legal wits with him. I am only a plain man; I trust, an honest one; and in my present very disagreeable position, I am striving to do the best I can for the good of the community in which I live. Every one of our Western towns has had, at some time or other, earlier or later, to be purified of the desperadoes who prey upon good citizens. A terrible crime has been committed right in our midst; a woman is suspected of that crime; but, because she is a woman, is that a reason why we should harbor her if she is guilty? No; if she is guilty, she ought to be punished! If she was a man, and found guilty of murder, I'd recommend the first rope and pine tree that came handy; but her sex protects her from that. But, fellow-citizens, if we find that she is guilty of this cold-blooded murder, we can send her to Austin, where the regular authorities will take charge of her and deal with her according to her deserts. I say these few words, fellow-citizens, so that no false sympathy will prevent you from doing your duty. And now, to return to the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, it is claimed that she had no motive for committing the deed. There was a motive, and I have the proof regarding it."

The words of the Judge created a decided movement among the inmates of the impromptu court-room.

The jury looked at each other in astonishment; they had about made up their minds that Jimmie was innocent, and the decided words of Jones puzzled them.

Rennet hardly knew what to make of it, for he was sure that the girl had spoken the truth.

As for Jimmie, she looked at the Judge in amazement.

The spectators watched the proceedings with breathless anxiety.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

## RED ROB.

## The Boy Road-Agent.

BY OLL COOMES.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"GOLD"—AT SUNSET.

As the sun declined westward, preparations for the execution of Red Rob were begun. Twelve soldiers had been detailed as the youth's executioners. Six muskets were loaded with ball, six with blank cartridges.

The execution was to take place on the bank of the Rio del los Pinos, about half a mile from camp.

Upon the banks of the river, beneath the clustering boughs of a pinon tree, a grave was dug.

A deep and solemn silence brooded over all, for it had become known throughout the camp that the bullet which pierced the heart of the Boy Road-Agent, would also crush the heart of the beautiful Octavia St. Kenelm.

But there was no shrinking from duty. The prisoner was finally led out unfeathered. The soldiers formed in line, and the settlers crowded forward to get a last glimpse of him who had been a friend to them at the moment when instant death hung over their heads.

Dakota Dan, mounted upon Patience, with Humility at the animal's heels, rode through the crowd, glanced at the youth, and in silence rode on—away into the woods.

Captain Rushton was about to give the command for the company to move forward, when Red Rob mounted a stump near the head of the column, and in a clear, metallic voice exclaimed:

"Soldiers and settlers: it seems to me this matter has gone about far enough. I love a joke as well as anybody, and have enjoyed this captivity and trial very much indeed; but I have no desire for it to go further."

The crowd began to gather around the speaker, some manifesting indignation, others surprise and curiosity.

"Nearly a year ago, gentlemen," the youth went on, "New Mexico, as you all well know, was nearly overrun with robbers whose haunts were in the mountains. The name of Red Rob had become a terror to the wealthy men and the stage companies of the territory. Not less than twenty of the former residing in the fertile valley of the Rio—had been visited by these robbers; and scarcely a single day passed, for six months, but what they overhauled the pockets of the passengers, or the mail-bag of some mail-coach. So one day the proprietors of these suffering ranches, and the superintendents of the different stage-lines called a

meeting. The result of that meeting was a resolution to employ at their own expense a party of rangers to ferret out the hiding-places of the outlaws, and capture them. Within a week after that meeting, twenty young men enrolled in the employ of those wealthy gentlemen, and I am happy to say that I am one of the number."

"A devilish clever dodge!" sneered the man from Conejos, and his words were followed by other derogatory remarks and shouts of applause. Order being restored, however, the boy continued:

"The ranches and stage companies equipped us with horses and weapons, and sent us to the mountains when—"

"When you turned on your employers, a la Captain Kidd," shouted Overbaron, the young lawyer, who had been watching for a chance for a final blow at the Boy Road-Agent.

Order was restored by Captain Rushton, who threatened to arrest the first man who again disturbed the speaker.

"The first thing we did, of any consequence to our employers, was to capture the notorious Red Rob and two of his gang. This we kept a secret, turning the robber and his men over to our employers. What they did with the freebooters you can doubtless guess. But to complete our work, it was suggested that we assume the role of robbers—that I assume the name Red Rob, and thereby ingratiate ourselves into the confidence of the different bands of robbers that were operating throughout the country. And I must say the idea has worked well. We have broken up two bands of outlaws, and caught several desperate characters that were trying to evade justice. As to our attacking Ravisso's ranch, we deny all knowledge of the fact, of course. Also, the attack on the other ranch, we know nothing of. But I do know that the outlaws that robbed Ravisso are quartered somewhere in the valley of the San Juan, and we have been on the look out for them for two months. I dare say they passed themselves as the gang of Red Rob, as that gentleman's name seems to be all that is necessary to induce their victims to disgorge. Moreover, it is not probable that I could be at Ravisso's ranch at eleven o'clock, then fifty miles north at Conejos an hour later. I admit the latter fact; we were at Conejos on the night of the twentieth of May; and we did ride into the saloon and quell a general free fight that was going on—or rather my men rode in, for I was already in when the fight began. But every shot that my men fired was fired in the air, and those that were killed in the witness Walbroke's free fight had been 'stobbed' to death."

"I went into that saloon in disguise, in the pursuit of my legitimate business. I had reason to believe that a band of 'larks' that we wanted were there, and so I went to figure the question out. We afterward found out that instead of going to Conejos, they went south, and were at Ravisso's ranch the night we expected to capture them at Conejos. This is how one is liable to make mistakes. Those robbers doubtless told Mr. Ravisso they were Red Rob's gang, and he believed them because they were robbers, and because I am known as Red Rob, he swears I am the chap that relieved him of his valuables. This is very natural of course. I don't feel hard toward him; for I know he would not swear that he recognizes in my face that of the outlaw chief that robbed him, would you, Mr. Ravisso?"

"You were all masked," replied Don Ravisso, who stood near the youth, his face clothed in a half smile.

"Exactly; all robbers go masked," continued the youth; "and so, gentlemen, you see how this matter rests. I will also admit that we have, at different times, since our organization, attacked the mail-coaches and the ranches of our employers, but always managed to injure no one. The object in this is doubtless obvious to you all. We have taken several horses from the corrals of those ranches, but it was to supply our needs, and by previous arrangement with our employers that we did so. As to our getting drunk at the Conejos saloon, that is a falsehood—not a mistake. We drank once around and paid for it. That man Walbroke was there that night, and went by the name of Manuel Chicaleo. I was provoked into knocking him down that night, hence the bitterness with which he manufactured evidence against me. At the battle, I can prove that I behaved myself as any gentleman should until a set of rowdies, of whom Walbroke was one, threatened me. To save myself and a general disturbance, I told them that I was Red Rob, and producing this whistle, I threatened to call my men. This frightened all, and a general panic ensued."

"It was my party, gentlemen, that saved the Colorado miners from an Arapaho massacre last fall. It was my party that drove the Apaches back to their own haunts last spring. It was my party that saved the train of Albert St. Kenelm from an Indian massacre some few weeks ago; and it was my party that captured the Ruloche gang of counterfeiters—all of which has been credited to a band of independent rangers from the Arkansas. But self-praise is half scandal. In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me to say that, in order that I might be vested with the right to make any arrests, whether in the service of the ranches, stage companies, territories or government, I will say that I hold the commission of a captain of independent rangers, signed and sealed by the territorial governor of New Mexico. I hold that commission in my hand now, and it can be inspected by any one desiring to do so."

At this juncture, Judge Thompson pushed his way through the crowd to the speaker, and taking the paper from the youth's hand, examined it with a puzzled, astonished look. Then, with a smile that betrayed his perplexity of mind, he exclaimed:

"Boys, it is even so! Here is Captain Robert Conrad's commission, with the governor's signature and the seal of his office upon it. There is no mistake—it's plain as day, and who says we've not been handsomely sold?"

Emotions of the greatest surprise swayed the throng, and shouts of applause, almost deafening, rent the air. All became wild with joy over this pleasant termination of a sad affair. The muskets that had been loaded for the youth's execution were now fired in honor of his acquittal. The report of fifty muskets followed, and to this the little howitzer on the hill lent the thunder of its brazen lung.

Red Rob was fairly carried through the excited, enthusiastic crowd, the recipient of a hundred warm congratulations.

His men were released, and now came in for their share of honor and just deserts.

Captain Rushton apologized to Captain Conrad for the part he had taken in the arrest and trial; but Red Rob took the whole as a capital good joke, and thought the apology should have been on the other side.

In the midst of the confusion consequent upon the acquittal of Red Rob, Major St. Kenelm, Asa Sheridan and Basil Walraymond entered camp.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE CENTAUR.

It was some time before quietude was restored in the camp, but when it finally was, Aaron St. Kenelm was conducted by his son to where Aunt Shady and Octavia were seated. The negroes knew her master the instant her eyes fell upon him, and a shout that startled all burst from her lips. For several minutes she alternated between fits of laughter and weeping, which, for awhile, threatened hysterics.

And Octavia could not have been more rejoiced had the old man been her own father. She embraced him with all the tenderness of her sweet, affectionate soul; and between the two joys, the return of Albert's father and her lover's acquittal, she was the happiest person in the camp.

The crack of a rifle out in the woods suddenly arrested the attention of all.

Several men, including Asa Sheridan, hurried away in the direction from whence the report came, and about seventy rods from camp, they came upon Dakota Dan and a stranger whom Sheridan recognized at a glance as Nathan Wolfe!

In a moment the two young friends had clasped each other's hand in a joyous reunion. The old ranger stood leaning upon his rifle, regarding with silent wonder a ghastly object before him.

"What's up, Dan?" asked Albert St. Kenelm.

"I've killed it, major; I've killed the devil—the apparition—the Centaur—look! haw! haw! haw!"

He pointed to the body of a buck that lay stretched on the earth before him. Its horns had been sawed off within six or eight inches of its head, and between these, and to them, by means of small brass wire, was fastened a human head, that was in an almost lifelike state of preservation!

To this ghastly object was attached a mass of long false whiskers and hair. These bristled, flowing down over the head and neck of the animal, concealed them from view; thereby giving the lifeless human head and the animal's body a horrible, yet natural, lifelike connection. But who had been so inhuman as to mutilate the sacred dead?—to send that ghastly object abroad in the forest to terrify the heart of man?

Nathan Wolfe's story will, in a measure, answer the questions.

"I was placed in a horrible, dismal hole in that old ruin," Wolfe said, in answer to Sheridan's query as to how he had escaped. "I was kept there several days, when that Leopold Hamallado came into my room and entered into conversation with me. He wanted to know what I was doing there. I told him I was in search of a man named Warwick. 'Just so,' replied the villain. 'I can tell you all about the man. In the first place, he and I had a little dispute, years ago, in the State of Arkansas. Warwick got the advantage of me at first, but I finally beat him out. I stole his child—a little girl. Nothing will reach a man's heart quicker than to steal a petted child. It has been my way of doing revenge. Well, I took Warwick's child and exchanged it for another—that of Aaron St. Kenelm, a gentleman who had done me a grievous wrong. This last child I have now—a beautiful woman. But Warwick, I presume, thought I had his child yet, and hunted me down—followed me here. But I got the best of him again—well, to make a long story short, if you have ever seen a creature around here with the body of a deer and the head of a man, you have seen that much of your friend Warwick. The deer is a tame one, and we arranged your friend's head upon it as a ghastly warning to others. And now comes Basil Walraymond—the father of the last girl I adopted, and the villain smiled like a demon. 'In a few days his venerable face will go talking through the valley of the San Juan,' and this, Asa, is the history of the Centaur. I thought I recognized the face the first time it came to our camp. Two days after this visit, I dug out of my prison and escaped, and have been hiding around the ruins ever since in hopes of being able to liberate you and Walraymond."

"Walraymond escaped the night we were first captured," replied Asa, "so did I, but I was recaptured again, and God and I only know what I have suffered."

Nathan Wolfe's escape had led to one discovery that proved a source of pleasure to the St. Kenelm. Octavia—the child left by Hamallado—was not the villain's child, but the child of the dead man Warwick, who had been slain, while in search of his child.

Wolfe took possession of the ghastly remains of his friend, and interred it in the grave that had been hollowed out for Red Rob's remains; and thus ended the mystery of the Centaur.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## CLOSING EVENTS.

BEFORE night had fully set in Red Rob, as his friends continued to call him, and his men, accompanied by Dakota Dan, Asa Sheridan and Basil Walraymond, besides a number of soldiers, set out for the den of the outlaws.

When about a mile from the place a halt was ordered, when Dakota Dan and Basil Walraymond crept forward to reconnoiter the outlaws, and from observation they soon guessed what was going on. They were preparing to evacuate the ruins.

The scouts hurried back and reported when the whole party swept down upon the outlaws. A short conflict ensued, but the robbers being out off from the ruins by a flank movement, every man of them was captured or killed. Among the latter was Leopold Hamallado, whose death saved Judge Lynch of a case.

Zella was found prepared for the flight from the ruins. Asa Sheridan sought for her the moment the fight began. He found her in the room where she had been kept a prisoner, and the reunion of the lovers was one of unbounded love and joy.

When Zella learned, from the lips of her lover, that Basil Walraymond, the old man whose life she had saved by throwing him a knife that memorable night when he stood in the tiger-pit, was her father, she fell upon her knees and between sobs of joy thanked God for having sent her a father, a brother, a brother, for both were soon in her presence, showering kisses of love and joy upon the pretty, pale face.

The ruins were searched and a vast amount of booty found stowed away. Upon the person of Hamallado was found the heavy gold watch which Don Ravisso swore Red Rob's band had taken from him. This, along with many other things, went to corroborate Captain Conrad's story—that Ravisso had been robbed by a band of outlaws, whose haunts were west of the mountains, and as the young ranger believed, in the valley of the San Juan.

Securing all that they could find, the rangers returned to Hidden Home. The old negroes, Huldah, and Slyly, the Weasel, were taken along.

Aaron St. Kenelm, no longer Basil Walraymond, led Zella into Octavia's tent, and made known their relationship to each other. Octavia wept bitterly, and Zella wept, too. Nathan Wolfe had already held an interview with Octavia, and had broken to her the sad news of her father's death; but Nathan spared from her sensitive heart the story of the shocking mutilation of her father's remains, and that it was his lifeless face that stared from the head of the Centaur.

Octavia received much comfort from the assurance that she should always be considered as one of the St. Kenelm family.

Each one of the girls was to bear the name she then bore—Zella St. Kenelm and Octavia Walraymond.

While the St. Kenelm were rejoicing over their providential reunion, a scream outside suddenly startled them.

Albert rushed out of the tent, and was not a little surprised to see old Aunt Shady with the boy Slyly hugging up to her breast so tight that the boy's eyes fairly protruded from his head, while she was pouring kisses and words of endearment upon the little fellow.

The boy was kicking, squirming and struggling for liberty, threatening the old negress with the vengeance of "Missus Zella" if she did not release him. But Aunt Shady held on, and a ranger was about to intercede in the boy's behalf when the old woman burst forth:

"Oh, Hankie Clay, darling! don't you know yoa poor, broken-hearted ole mudder! Speak, chile ob my heart—speak out, or I'll jist done gone and die, honey!"

"Don't know you from ole Huldah," gasped the boy. "Jist you let me go, or I'll call de missus ob Massa Shear-a-ding."

Shady released her constrictor grasp upon the youth's form, but still clung to his arm, and continued her hold, too, until she had convinced all around her, if not the boy, that she was the little fellow's mother.

And Aunt Shady was happy, too, and laughed and cried by turns until she forgot her joys and pleasures of that night in sleep.

The following morning the soldiers and excursionists left Hidden Home for Fort Wingate, taking with them the outlaws captured at the ruins.

Red Rob and his men remained in the valley of the del los Pinos several days, and in the mean time succeeded in convincing the settlers that the dangers surrounding them would not admit of a successful settlement being made. And so the little party pulled up and moved into Colorado, where in as lovely a fertile valley as the sun ever shone upon they once more "pitched their tents," and where they still reside, enjoying all the blessings and rewards that follow in the wake of happiness, industry and enterprise.

That same year Major St. Kenelm and Maggie Boswell and Asa Sheridan and Zella St. Kenelm were married; and if their courtship days had been dark and cloudy, those that followed have been bright with the joys and sunshine of married bliss.

Aaron St. Kenelm, that brave and noble old Basil Walraymond, makes his home with his son Albert, and is still in possession of vigorous health and manhood.

Slyly is a servant in Zella's family, and his mother in that of the St. Kenelm, where she vows she will remain until she "dies dead."

Captain Robert Conrad is still at the head of his rangers, now in the service of his country. Rumor has it that, during the coming winter, he is to lead to the altar the bright-eyed Octavia, and there consummate the vows made years before in the valley of the Rio del los Pinos. May joy be with them all.

Dakota Dan left our friends after he had seen them permanently located in the more congenial climate of Colorado. But, as regular as the autumn comes, the "Triangle" visits the St. Kenelm and their friends, and no one on earth is more welcome to their humble homes than the noble-hearted old ranger.

THE END.



## The Letter-Box.

"HAPPY HANK" (St. Louis, Mo.) asks: "In going across a muddy street-crossing, should the lady precede the gentleman, or vice versa? Should a gentleman always walk on the outside of a lady? Is it improper for a gentleman to kiss his lady-love at the gate every time they come from church?"

The gentleman should precede the lady of course instead of following her, and endeavor to assist her by selecting the best stopping-places and perhaps helping her over any serious obstacles. A gentleman's place by a lady must be decided by circumstances. If he is walking up a crowded thoroughfare, he should put her upon the outside and himself between her and the crowd, thus protecting her from collisions. It is no more improper for a gentleman to "kiss his lady-love every night" than occasionally, and the propriety must be decided by her wishes, and whether you are engaged. It would not be proper to kiss a lady who is not your affianced.

HELEN MAROX (Philadelphia) writes: "If a lady enters a parlor to receive some friends, say a lady and two gentlemen, which should she greet first when she knows all which, if one be a stranger? Ought a gentleman to greet the gentleman or lady first when he meets a couple with whom he is acquainted?"

Give the preference to the lady of course, if you know her. In case you do not know the lady, greet the friend most likely to give the introduction, turning instantly to receive it. A gentleman greets a lady first.

C. J. WATSON (Guelph, Ont.) writes: "If two gentlemen meet a lady who is a stranger to one, should the gentleman who is a stranger raise his hat or not? And how if a lady and gentleman meet a lady friend?"

A gentleman walking with a gentleman, or with a lady, lifts his hat to any lady who recognizes his companion. The exception would only be when the lady met knows both parties, but cuts one.

"IDALLA" (Wheeling, Va.) writes: "Use brush and water to your teeth, carefully, after every meal, and then dissolve in the mouth a tiny piece of licorice. You should keep a stick of it broken for use, in a box upon your dressing-case. It is invaluable for sweetening the breath and aiding digestion. Only use powdered chalk upon your teeth."

FAIR MIXES writes: "If a lady invites you to call upon her, there is no necessity for asking her to appoint a certain evening, though you may do so if you think it would be more convenient for her to know what evening to expect you. But, ordinarily, an invitation to call is general, and you do so when most inclined, of course taking the risk of finding the lady in, and leaving your card if she is unable to see you. Not seeing her, you may call again, after a reasonable interval, without any further invitation."

GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART! (New York) writes: "A gentleman having made an appointment with a lady, should not think of allowing any avoidable circumstances to interfere with it. If your other lady friend asks you to perform some task or favor for her, that would detain you from your previous engagement, politely refuse, giving your reason, and say you should consider it an honor and pleasure to be allowed to fulfill her demands at any other time."

There certainly would not be any harm in your effecting a meeting with a lady you 'know and admire,' and if she shows no coolness to you, you can ask her to favor you with her company again, to allow you to call upon her, or escort her to some pleasant place. Every gentleman is at liberty to try to win a woman he loves, even though she be an intimate friend of some friend of his."



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### Sunshine Papers.

#### Order.

POPE says "Order is Heaven's first law." Upon what authority, official or hearsay, Mr. Pope makes this assertion we cannot state; but, as the researches of scientists seem to indorse it, we may be forgiven for accepting it unqualifiedly.

Moreover, have not you and I, in days of round jackets and bib-aprons, written that terse announcement scores of times, with ignorance of its authorship but profound belief in its truth? Have we not groaned as we fastened its capitals to a sadly inebriated look; have we not split pens, splattered ink, and made frequent deviations from straight lines and methodical copying, over that solemn fact that irritated us with its iteration of a law with which we had, no cared to have, little experimental familiarity? And when we varied the monotonous repetition with writing a wavering and downward line of "lows," and were discovered in that surreptitious amusement before we could dash in "Heaven," how our palms were wont to smart, and how many scalding drops caused us to recourse to our sleeve, until our appearance at home was anything but suggestive of strict adherence to the rule of Heaven!

By the memory of our childish martyrdoms and tears we will cling to the creed we learned of Pope; for surely order stands not much chance of obtaining any other fame than that he kindly gave it. Certainly, no person, not even a poet, would be absurd enough to mention it as a first law of beings terrestrial. Order is hard to graft upon humanity at large, and to the nature of man seems entirely alien. One is sometimes forced to cogitations painfully saddening upon this subject. Especially are these thoughts wont to gloom the sunshine of existence when the male part of the household swing themselves away toward business with snowy linen, and spoolish garb, and immaculate curl of mustache and arrangement of hair, and shining beaver and boots, a flower on the coat and a killing upward glance at the good-looking young lady opposite, or the sly smile at the pretty chambermaid next door.

Then, indeed, are we tempted to feel, as we view the scenes of carnage, from which these masculines issued so triumphantly, that Pope's bit of news falls short of its desired effect when it fails to induce his brotherhood to emulate in their daily surroundings the delights of that Heavenly state where order reigns supreme.

In the dining-room cigar ashes and lighters, and toothpicks, and the torn wrappers of the morning's mail are strewn upon the mantel, unfolded and ringless napkins lie wrinkled where they fell; the dailies diversify the carpet. The sitting-room is draped with dressing gowns and decorated with slippers; a wisp lies on one chair, a hat-brush on another; the previous evening's trophies—faded flowers, cards, books, programmes, glasses, meer-

schaums, a smoking-cap—are scattered in charming confusion around. The ball reveals canes and umbrellas knocked down, a soft hat upon the floor, a high one in the umbrella stand, rugs rolled up in a wad, drawers and cases open, boot brushes and gloves in loving proximity. And, oh, their rooms!—soiled linen flung about; damp towels on polished chairs and embroidered tidies; brushes full of hairs and combs under the bureau; burnt matches on the carpet; shoes everywhere they ought not to be; soap on the marble; collars, ties, letters, pomade, perfumery, pins waltzed in all directions; open drawers savagely tumbled.

Is it not a mystery that, with mulish routine and resignation, femininity always "fix things up?" That we smile upon this "confusion worse confounded," and perseveringly restore articles to their proper places? That when the dear men come back we tell them, they are minus any bump of order, with a merry look that indicates our admiration of such lack of development on their part?

Not for here is the secret. Women, themselves, are responsible for this ignorance of tidiness on the part of men. The daughter of a household is taught to have a place for every thing, and to keep each article in its place; also, she is required to assume this responsibility for the sons. Thus, trained to depend upon others to have their personal effects kept in order, boys grow up helpless, unmethodical, and tyrannical. The cares performed by mother and sisters, must in turn be borne by a wife; in fact, as men will generally tell you, (after the honeymoon is over), that is what they get a wife for; and it is the woman's duty to keep things in order!

Such a theory savors of barbarism; but, barbarian though he be, he knows how to appreciate order; oh, yes! If all the mess he leaves is not cleared away when he returns, and the rooms prettily and tidily arranged, and gloves, slippers, the last magazine, the boot-jack in their usual places—quite regardless of the unusual places in which he left them—pshaw! how irritable he is! But if a pet horse or dog could sew on buttons, mend rips, and keep perfumery and brushes in order, several chances out of ten he would rather have the dog or the horse than the patient, busy wife.

I just wish Mr. Pope would have kindly added a line to his account of Heavenly government, and told us whether the whole order of that blissful region is maintained by its feminine inhabitants, while the male angels are "loafing around the throne." For my part, I do not believe it is, and I mean to do all I can to equalize matters to a more Heavenly basis here.

Let every youthful specimen of the male gender that circulates near me look out for himself! I never shall see why he cannot hang his towels on the rack, replace his slippers, fold his napkin, put his coat on its peg, keep his gloves in their box, place toilet articles cleanly in their receptacles, and do numerous other little duties, that make a deal of work in the aggregate when left undone, as well as his sister. And so, seeing no reason why he should not be orderly, I will train him to methodical helpfulness; and how some women will appreciate Pope and dote on me!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### ALoud AND ASIDE.

ALoud. "Why, my dear Annie, how delighted I am to see you! How charmingly rosy and fresh you do look! I almost envy you your complexion. You always happen to come in most opportunely, just when one is thinking of you and wishing to see you. And you always come out of pure love, too—so unlike so many disagreeable beings who come because they have nowhere else to go. Such kind of friends are really not worth the having. There's a deal of hypocrisy in the world, Annie—folks pretending to be so glad to see you yet all the while wishing you were in the Red Sea. Why cannot people say just what they mean and tell their callers that their presence is unwelcome, even if it does hurt their feelings and renders one liable to have the reputation of being impolite? Sincerity before politeness, I say." A few kisses and the door closes.

Aside. "Thank goodness, she's gone! I was in hopes she'd pass by the house without calling, but that isn't her way. She's just a vision of what I have and peeps in to see what new article I have been buying so she can have the same, but I don't very often gratify her curiosity. She comes just at the time I don't want to see her and that is always. Perhaps I could look as rosy as she does if I wasted as much money in paint and cosmetics as she does. If she came because she thought I was suffering and needed her aid, it would be a far different matter, but I don't believe she cares one straw more for me than I do for her. She's a little hypocrite to profess so much love for me, when I know it isn't one bit sincere. She isn't a very kissable creature but one has to kiss as it is the fashion.

Aloud. "Don't apologize, my dear sir, for stepping on my dress; there's not the slightest need of an apology. It is more the fault of the weather than of me. These long trains. Fashion compels us to do many things we think to be very ridiculous, and I don't wonder that you young men laugh at us and our dress so much. I'm sure if we will persist in dragging so much cloth after us we ought to be punished by having it torn off. Going my way! How pleasant that is! It's so nice to have company, if it is only for a short distance. The men don't stare a pretty girl so much when she has an escort, and we don't like to be stared at. We just passed a young man who looked at me and if you hadn't been with me I should certainly have fainted away. How kind you were. So sorry we must part. The best of friends must, you know. I must be on my way home now to mend this little tear. It's but a trifle."

Aside. "Stupid dolt! He's ruined my dress completely, and I can't get a new one in a hurry. If he only been that splendid fellow, George Clifton, he would have offered to buy me a new one, and hired a carriage and immoderately with me. There he was standing on the corner, and I know he will be jealous at seeing me walking with another young man. And such a young man! A young man in a linen duster and a slouched hat with other garments to match. I don't wonder I felt like fainting. To be sure, he was only running out on an errand to the bank. Clifton doesn't have any errands to go upon. Clifton may never speak to me again, for he may think Charles was a poor relation of mine. Clifton is so aristocratic that he wouldn't marry into any family that had relations who had to work for a living. I mustn't treat Charles rudely, because I'm not sure I can secure Clifton and Charles is smart and industrious. If I can't secure the marble palace I must not let the cottage slip through my fingers."

Aloud. "Annie, dear, come again! So glad! It seems an age since you made me a call. No, dear, I haven't heard the news, but maybe you'll hear some when a certain splen-

did man asks me to be his and we are married at Grace Church. George Clifton arrested for embezzlement, did you say? His aristocratic relatives, he boasted so much about, turn out to be among the lowest strata of society? Well, Annie, to tell you the truth, I never did like him, he always seemed to be what he wasn't in reality. He couldn't begin to compare with Charlie Brett. Charlie is one of your true noblemen of Nature. I don't know but Charlie and I will link our fortunes together. You think I shall have to do so soon or wait until you are a widow? What can you mean? Because you are to be married to him? Why, of course, I'll come to the wedding."

Aside. "Of course I shall not do anything of the kind. It just shows her hateful, spiteful disposition. She knew very well I did like Clifton and so she thought she'd crow over me by telling me of his misfortunes. She thinks she's made me feel mighty bad because she got Charlie Brett away from me, but she shouldn't know I do feel bad. I have a good mind to go to the wedding and tell everybody that I could have had Charlie if I had wanted him, but I didn't; and so Annie had to take my cast-off. Well, I presume the world will continue to move just the same as before. I don't care. It don't worry me one mile."

And to prove the truth of her assertion she shuts herself up in her room for an hour or two to indulge in a good cry. EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolsap Papers.

#### That Washing Machine.

My celebrated uncle, Belshazzar Whitehorn, was no chieftain identified with military interests, leaving a name saturated with the blood of thousands; neither did his name become famous by being connected with any dignified office of state. No, sir; his name will ever be remembered on account of a washing machine which he invented, and which was an honor to his family. He died, but the machine survived.

In looking over his papers lately I found the following testimonials from newspapers and private individuals:

From the N. Y. Tribune.

We have examined the celebrated six-octave, anti-bilious washing machine of Mr. Whitehorn, which is a success, and can have no successor. It washes clothes beautifully, and any young lady who can perform on the piano can perform on this, with equal facility. Mr. W. expended a vast amount of brain force in this invention—buckets, so that to recruit his brain, he lived all that time upon matches roasted, for the phosphorus which was on them. It was a tight diet, but beneficial. This machine, with very little rinsing, can be used for a churn—in fact, you hardly need wash it out at all, unless you see fit. As a washer it can't be beat. It takes the buttons off the first sweep, and thus saves a washerwoman the time and trouble of cutting or pulling them off. Children thrown into it come out well washed, and won't need washing again for a month. It will wash out all other washing machines.

From the Weekly Tribune.

Ever since we have had one of those duplex three-ply washing machines in our house, everything has gone along lovely. We have not paid a doctor's bill in all that time—nor any other bill, really. Our neighbors look over our fence with a kind of respectful awe. Our wife's aunt has enjoyed the best of health—at her sister's; we have had nobody for dinner—have been invited out eight times to supper; have saved three wash bills; have been able to lick two poets and one delinquent subscriber; have hard-boiled shirts and stewed socks three times a week, and have felt pretty well ourselves. Try it.

From the Daily Whistle, Feb. 30.

This is an eighteen-carat fine washing machine, and is warranted to wash your hands clean of any kind of political stains, and take the spots off your character without the aid of soft-soap. It removes dandruff and is death on rheumatism. When not in use, it answers very well to keep coal in. It also grinds anything from an ax to a bushel of corn, including the grinding of poetry which will also wash.

This celebrated washing machine is, beyond the lingering possibility of a supposition, the greatest piece of engineering ever extemporized by an ingenious man. It washes so fast that it takes a whole family to see how it is done, besides making its own soap, and chasing the pigs out of the garden. A common-sized grasshopper can run it, so easy is its motion. The only difficulty is to stop it, which takes a strong-minded woman to do. It even hangs the clothes up to dry.

From John Yawp.

I consider your washer one of the greatest inventions of our age or anybody else's. It is as handy to have about the house as a wife—in fact, I prefer the washer. My wife insisted daily with a mop-stick until I was forced to purchase one, and now that machine is constantly going—the weather being too bad for my wife to talk over the fence with her neighbor. It washes the dishes with alarming accuracy; indeed, it is a smashing machine. Very little water is necessary, and I think, with a little more practice, we can do a week's washing with no water at all. It does the washing as well as if it had been done by Washington himself. If there are any holes in the garments, it either removes them entirely, or else puts on a respectable patch. It washed thirty dollars out of my white vest-pocket lately. My wife takes in washing now, and considers it a pleasure. I think it is one of the most precious machines for one of its years that was ever produced. It is a mile and a half or two miles ahead of all others. Long may it wave.

From Ferguson.

This washer never grows bigger because the clothes are so dirty; it never hits me over the head with a broomstick when I complain because dinner is late on wash-day, nor empties a pan of soft-soap on me. It is a great invention. I never say that it has earned a new dress, or a new bonnet; it never lectured me for coming home late at night, or because I don't get up early enough for breakfast in the morning; it has nothing to say of other people, and is a very valuable family acquisition. The children cry for it.

From Jones.

There has been trouble in our house ever since that washing machine was admitted into our family. My wife fell in love with it right off and fell out with me, because I saw we would be all washed out of house and home by it. Then I fell into it one night when I had been a little too far down-town, and came near being washed off; then it rolled over with me, and began to stamp on me with four legs—it was the liveliest machine I ever saw. My wife, running out of clothes to wash in it, put in my best broadcloth suit just to keep it going, and it came out about sixteen years too short for me, and I gave my wife a piece—

well, pretty nearly all of my mind; if you doubt it, you can come and look at this lump on my forehead. This machine is a little too good; it washes the clothes clean, but there is so little left of the clothes after washing that they are hardly worth speaking about, and there's no wonder it is so well recommended by all the dry-goods dealers in town. We have had the measles in the house ever since we got the machine. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Woman's World.

THE JEWELRY OF THE SEASON.

CHEAP jewelry was never so popular. No more apologies are made now for imitation earrings, pins or bracelets, and as to chains, of any and all patterns, they are invariably "washed over" gold. Since it is fashionable, perhaps it is right, but why ladies make distinctions in certain ornaments is not clear. They will wear a set of imitation jewelry with proud satisfaction, and will add necklace and chateaus as well. But a spurious gold ring they scorn. Colorado diamonds are the rule, nine times in ten where "diamonds" are worn, and a pair of earrings or cross is the one aim of a woman's life. But rarely will she put on a ring with this kind of a setting, and hardly ever of any kind but the best gold and real stones. The reason is, perhaps, that rings do not change their styles or fashions as do earrings and pins, and perhaps custom is against the giving up of all that is genuine in jewelry.

An effort was made to introduce bogus rings, and this season they were offered in great abundance, but it was useless; women have a sentiment regarding rings, and the circle worn on any finger must be real, they say.

Bracelets they buy and wear proudly, knowing at the same time that they are brass and are hollow. The objection formed to them by tidy women is that they rub off and stain the arm and the dress cuff.

Earrings are another article of ornament certainly unworthy the popularity they enjoy. Time was when the same ornament was worn in the nose and hung to the lips of the ancient Americans—the Indians—and time will be when they will be discarded from the ears as they have been from the noses of women. And nothing is helping to bring about this event so much as the ridiculous proportion to which they have attained. To such an extent have they been increased in size that the ears of women have been torn apart by their weight, and repeatedly have they torn the ear cruelly by catching on some object. The tiny fringes that depend from nearly all the long pendants are constantly catching in veils, furs or any article of clothing, and a quick motion is fatal to the proportions of the eyelet. There are any number of thoughtful women who deplore the barbaric fashion of lacerating the flesh merely for the sake of hanging trinkets in them, and now that these trinkets are nearly all brass, it is to be hoped the fashion makers will invent something to take the place of ear ornaments. The ear, really, needs no ornament, and generally it is not ornamented by the addition of earrings; on the other hand the long pendants utterly destroy the proportions of the organ, and render it many times a painful object.

The adoption of bows and ties have done away in a great measure with brooches, and lockets are worn instead. These latter ornaments, are, like earrings, made of "French" gold, but, some of them are richly carved and finished. They are more showy than pins, less expensive than the old style necklace, and likely to remain the preferred article of ornament, and one that will be largely worn when the time for furs and neck wraps is past.

Leather jewelry and ornaments, which were introduced before the holidays, were a failure, save in the one article of fans. The latter in finest Russia, in bronze and red, are chosen because of their great durability. But the flange leather was not becoming and hence it was condemned. Jet has about concluded its career of popularity. In passementerie trimming it will still be found, for it greatly lightens the effect of the heavy silk crochet.

### NE'ER-DO-WELLS.

As civilization advances and the struggle for a creditable subsistence grows more arduous, the number of these graceless mortals seems deplorably on the increase. They are a source of the most grievous kind of boredom to the more industrious portion of the community, otherwise it would, perhaps, be invidious or ill-natured to direct attention to their insignificance.

The ne'er-do-well is to be found in all places where men most do congregate, and is always on hand, as the saying goes, with some piece of ill-luck on his shoulders of which he cannot disburden himself without the co-operation of some kind friend. He has a wonderful faculty of finding his way into bar-rooms and other congenial haunts just at the right time to gratify his taste for free drinks or smokes, of which it is needless to say he is intensely fond. Being of a highly social turn, he delights in finding himself in company with a knot of idlers like himself who have laid themselves out for what is termed in idler's phrase, "a good old smoke." Here he is in his element; the eternal pipe is filled, and the work of the day—killing time—proceeds to his entire satisfaction.

As fortune has behaved so niggardly toward him in the distribution of his favors, he considers that he has a sort of moral claim upon the sympathy and generosity of his more lucky fellow-beings. Fortified with this conviction he makes incursions into offices and other business localities, where by some well concocted story he is pretty sure to levy a contribution of some sort or another on the pockets of an unsuspecting friend. The success of these "raids," as he is pleased to call them, is exemplified in the fact that ne'er-do-well is seldom in need of tobacco, lager, or other small enjoyments which deceive the burden of life. There is something undeniably ingenious in the different dodges and subterfuges which the ne'er-do-well of the more hardened type employs to supply his numerous wants. He has always a plausible account to give of his sudden impecuniosity, and even the struggling recipients of small incomes are often moved by the fascinating candor of his stories to lend him a helping hand. He always knows, so to speak, his man, and can calculate with amazing accuracy upon what he is likely to get out of him. Be it a dollar bill, a five-cent piece, or even a "chew" itself.

It must be owned that the lot of the ne'er-do-well is often a hard one, and it may appear cynical to doubt the propriety of relieving such characters. But to relieve indigence in such a case, is to increase it by encouraging idleness. Those who are in the habit of conferring pecuniary obligations upon the class in question, should consider that misplaced charity does far more harm than good.

### Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. prepared for future editions.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first, upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use. All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We return "The Obstructed Track;" "Old Bullion's Money;" "The Dead Traveler;" "The Engineer of the Biggerton;" "Milly Midge's Letter;" the MSS. by Mrs. M. W. M.; ditto, by J. H. I.

The following we decline. No stamps for return: "Jared Plummer's Bargain;" "The Burnt Range;" "A Broken Life;" "Miss Jones' Burglar;" "The Owner;" "The Price of a Stone;" "The Broken Coral;" "A Queer Divorce;" "A Mustang Hunt."

KASERNITZ. Your "poem," we suppose, went into the waste-basket.

T. N. J. We only care to see the very best matter.

C. S. H. Good grass-hats are selling in New York for one dollar.

DR. NORMAN. Old Dr. Brandreth made a large fortune with his pills. They yet have a large sale. BOATSWAIN. Captain Boynton, the great swimmer, is a New Jerseyman. "A man is not without honor save," etc., you know. Poor dressmakers are only too plenty already.

CHARLEY BRACE. We have a new story by Oll Coomes—a real Boy Hunter's romance, in which five or six boys are heroes and actors. It is elsewhere referred to.

CASPAR METZGER. Don't send horses to the New York market unless you are prepared to see them sold at about one-half their price, one year ago.

MISS EDNA K. If you are not qualified to teach you should at once learn a trade. A good dressmaker is always in demand. Poor dressmakers are only too plenty already.

J. H. L. Modoc City. The first issue of the Dick Talbot novels, in the new twenty-cent form, will embrace "Rocky Mountain Rob;" and be ready July 15th.

MRS. M. W. M. We can make no use of what you send. It is better adapted to some local paper. The great city weeklies are all overstocked with matter of this nature.

FRANK POE. We presume there is a local cause for the symptoms you mention. Make your habits conform to what you know is correct and your trouble will disappear. It is not well read too much, nor to read much after dark. Sleep is a great restorer.

ASPIRANT. All States have two National Senators each. No matter how small the State it is as powerful in the U. S. Senate as the largest. The Senate is the representative of the State Legislatures—not of the people, for Legislatures elect the Senators—a very wise provision of the Federal Constitution.

RICHARD A. D. The ligaments are not muscles or nerves, but consist of bands and cords of tough, fibrous and smooth substances, by which bones are bound together and held in their places. The tendons are long cords of a substance similar in its nature to cartilage, by which the muscles are attached to bones.

Mrs. C. D. N. Singing, as a stage profession, is greatly overdone. It is estimated that at least 300 American women are now in Europe fitting themselves for opera and concert. This great accession promises to be still greater. You are a singer, a remarkably fine voice we would not advise the expense of a foreign training.

DADDY. Toads are now incontestably proven to have survived even for thousands of years in unforced confinement. In Dr. Schellman's excavations on the site of ancient Troy he found toads at a depth of 48 feet beneath the surface, where they must have lain for over 3,000 years. One toad thus released hopped off as if its vigor had in no way been impaired.

BLACK HILLS. A good pack mule usually carries from 350 to 375 pounds weight, on a long tramp, and costs about \$25 in the river towns. Buy your mule at St. Jo. or St. Louis, and your mule and provisions at Sioux City. We presume the Black Hills country will be soon dotted with pack trails. The mule released hopped off as if its vigor had in no way been impaired.

SWEETMEATS. Confections are very much adulterated, chiefly with ingredients that are harmless—as flour, starch, gluten, powdered peas, etc. Candy is largely "loaded" with white clay and sulphate of barytes—both of which are deleterious. A confectioner who will tell you that he doesn't use chalk on his own candy. He would then be a fit subject for a coroner.

NEW ORLEANS READER. We know of no process for turning light-colored or white hair black except you use a dye. White hair on a young man is not a serious deformity. Let it remain so. For any derisive or heart affection consult a good physician. Avoid nostrum doctors, don't smoke, eat clean drinking, and lead a very regular life. This is your "best card." The light you name is very fair for a boy of seventeen.

NESTOR, Ontario. The word *rhino* is much used "out West." It means a rhinoceros, and it really means the portion or share of the proceeds of a robbery, divided among the robbers. Gaelic, roinn, a share, a portion, a division, a share, etc. Gaelic words, in common use and pronounced *rhino*, it has a well-grounded derivation, and is, therefore, a proper "dictionary word."

DAVID EMBURY. Bonaparte was divorced from Josephine in the year 1806 for "reasons of State," and not for the cause you mention. She was a widow when he married her, having two children, Eugene and Hortense, and she was a French girl, married Napoleon's brother, Louis, the King of Holland. She was very beautiful but dissolute. Josephine, after divorce, never met Napoleon. She died in the year 1810, soon after her overthrow. Jerome Bonaparte married Miss Patison, of Baltimore, Maryland, and he was divorced "for reasons of State," though our law never recognized the legality of the divorce.

HARROD'S CORNERS. It is an old idea that all the particles of the human body change every seven years, but the physiological fact is that change is going on all the time. The particles of the body are all the elements, according to Dr. Playfair, occurs as often as once in six weeks, in healthy conditions. It is true that the body is wholly dependent on the food given it for its sustenance, and that the food which lacks the elements required by the body for sustenance and growth is never desirable. Hence the necessity of a regular diet of fruits, vegetables, meat, fish, milk and sugar.

PRESSMAN. The Earl of Stanhope is said to have invented the first iron printing press; the earl was an enthusiastic amateur printer.

B. A. BAKER. The statistics show the daily products of the United States to be enormous, far more than people would imagine, for annually they amount in value to \$800,000,000. In one year the sales from 8,000,000 cows was 600,000,000 pounds of butter, averaging 30 cents per pound.

THEODORE WILKS. The term "Blue Stocking" is applied to-day to literary women, and also to those of "Woman's Rights" propensities; it arose from the fact of ladies conversing with literary men in olden times, and forming themselves into a club, having a gentleman as a member who was a splendid conversationalist; this gentleman always wore blue stockings, and his absence from the club on any evening was sadly felt, and the other members were wont to remark: "We can do nothing without the blue stockings;" hence these meetings were called "Blue Stocking Clubs," and the ladies who attended them gained the cognomen of blue stockings.

INQUIRE. In Salt Lake City there are, we believe, about a thousand polygamists, who average some three wives and nine children apiece.

A. V. T. The deepest well that has ever been sunk is in Sprenberg, a village twenty miles from Berlin; it is 4,194 feet deep, and runs through a salt deposit of 3,907 feet.

HOSTLER. Give a horse when taken with colic, twenty drops of oil of peppermint in half-pint of warm water, and you will find it an almost certain cure.

MORDECAI. It is in Russia that there is the belief that a person dying of a lingering disease can pass away more easily by having a black dog let down by a cord through the roof over the invalid; the black dog is regarded as an emblem of the human spirit, and it is intended to show the departing soul which way to go, as the lingering disease is thought to be, because it hesitates, not knowing which road to depart.

W. F. H. To prevent a horse from jumping a fence, the best plan is to buckle a surcingle around the body, then pass the halter strap through the forelegs to this, and tie so that the horse cannot get his



## MY WOOLING.

BY ELEN E. HENFORD

The bees hung over the clover,  
And the birds sang up the blue,  
And the lily-cups ran over  
With the summer morning's dew.  
And the roses nodded together  
As gossiping roses do,  
And said that such beautiful weather  
Was just the time to woo.

I know that she heard the roses,  
For her cheeks were red as their own,  
And her eyes, as a flower half-closes,  
Looked down at a wistful stone;  
And a silence fell about us,  
Though the birds sang, and the breeze  
Brought the sound of haymaking music  
And the humming of the bees.

Such a deep and beautiful silence!  
We seemed from the world apart.  
Only two together,  
And we were heart to heart.  
In the sweet and holy silence  
That came about us then,  
We forgot all the things that trouble—  
The world and the ways of men.

A robin flew up from the clover  
With a straw in his pretty bill,  
To a branch on a blossoming cherry  
And sang—I can hear him still.  
For my heart was dancing with him  
As he built his pretty nest,  
While his wife stood ready to help him  
With the sun on her speckled breast.

Then my happy heart ran over  
My lips, in a lover's words,  
But if you would know what I uttered,  
You must go and ask the birds.  
I forgot them all in the gladness,  
That came to my soul that day,  
When she promised to walk beside me  
And be my own away.

The sunshine fell like a shower  
Of gold on the new-mown hay,  
And the scents of grass and clover  
Made sweet the happy day.  
But what was the birds' gay singing  
Or beauty of bloom or bee  
To the new and tender gladness  
The day had brought to me?

## A Summer's Reward.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

DING-a-ling-ling! Ding-a-ling-ling! shivered the door-bell through the hot silence of the June forenoon that had fallen even upon our shaded dining-room, where mother and I sat huddled together, and accompanying the jingle were the sounds of footsteps upon the veranda and the sudden obliteration of the tiny checks of sunshine that had hitherto filtered through the Venetian blind door. I looked at mother, and she at me, in blank dismay. We both thought the same.

"It is our boarders come in the morning instead of at night, as they wrote, and no dinner ready, and Ann in bed with a sick headache." "But then they cannot be left standing there," I answered to the thoughts, hurriedly rising and transferring my great earthen bowl of scarlet fruit to the table and spilling a few of the luscious top-piled ones in my haste.

"But you must not go, Ida, indeed you must not!" mother interposed, in lowered but earnest tones. "Just look at yourself, what a fright you are," and she attempted to unload her burthened lap.

I put my hand forcibly upon her shoulder. "Stay still, *ma mere*; I shall go. Do you suppose I mean to put myself out one hair's breadth to make the stylish Mrs. Berthold think more or less of me? It is a matter of no importance to me whether or not she ever thinks of me at all!" and I pulled after me the dining-room door and traversed the hall, to admit Mr. and Mrs. Berthold, and their rather pretty—very demure-looking maid.

I knew I had been correct in my convictions regarding Mrs. Berthold, while yet I ushered her into the parlor. The petite, very blonde, very handsome, very supercilious, and very elegantly attired lady was the same I had met at the White Mountains, three years before; of which fact I knew she would be charmingly ignorant. Mr. Berthold I had never seen, and was forced to admit him a most courtly and splendid-looking man.

"If you will be so kind as to rest here just a few minutes, I will see that your trunks are carried up and your rooms in order; we had not the most remote idea of seeing you until this evening," I explained.

"Did you not receive my letter?" inquired Mr. Berthold. And to my negative answer he responded pleasantly that he regretted we had been taken by surprise, and hoped Mrs. Morency would not allow herself to be so seriously inconvenienced. At which his wife, who had sunk into the blue and drab depths of my little Turkish rocker, gave him a most disdainful smile, and then turned an insolent stare upon me, that she slowly lowered from my head to my feet.

Reddening under the cold gaze, I turned away to direct the expressman concerning the luggage. As I passed up the stairs I heard Mr. Berthold's slow, musical tones saying:

"What a little gem of a parlor; only a beautiful and artistic-souled woman could have arranged all these dainty surroundings."

"Probably that dirty-faced, bold servant on whom you wasted so much breath," I heard his wife make sneering answer.

I had not meant to care in the least for this wealthy, proud woman, but I am afraid her words were not quite harmless to me; though when I stole a glance into her dressing-mirror I could not restrain a smile. The long glass reflected a slender figure arrayed in a light print wrapper, with sleeves rolled up to the pink-tinted, dimpled elbows; a face inclined to the oval, but almost round in its white and rose-stained plumpness; a pair of violet gray eyes under well-defined brows and shadowing lashes; a towel pinned tightly across the forehead and so to the back of the neck, just revealing two little pink ears and a tangled, curly fringe of brown hair; a rather nice mouth and a pretty chin defaced with a fearful smudge of dust, and a berry stain. But I would not add to the respectability of that face one bit, until I had shown the new arrivals to their rooms and announced that no luncheon would be served in fifteen minutes.

When I had used an application of cold water and towel to my physiognomy, and discarded the sweeping, rear that hid my luxuriance of coiled hair, and had been ready to serve out strawberries and cream and cold chicken, only Mr. Berthold appeared, with a request that a cup of tea might be sent up to her mistress by Marie, as the lady was lying down and would not get up until dinner.

I arranged a tidy tray for Marie to take to Mrs. Berthold, and then was introduced to the husband, by mother, who had seen him the once he came to the house to make the arrangements for boarding; and luncheon proved a very chatty, pleasant meal. When we arose, mother remarked:

"I hope your wife will suffer no unpleasant effect from her journey."

Mr. Berthold glanced quickly over to me, then back to mother, and answered, with a curious little smile lurking under the shadows of his blonde moustache.

"I hardly think she will," and sauntered out to the coolness and big chairs under the wood-bine, to smoke.

But Mrs. Berthold's headache did increase, so that we saw nothing of her that day; and, consequently, I saw very considerable of her husband. And he was so gravely deferential, so calm, but withal such a fascinating conversationalist that I found myself liking him very much, despite my resolve to be utterly indifferent to the Bertholds.

In the parlor, at dusk, we talked of books, and pictures, and places, until a chance word of mine betrayed that I had been in Europe. He showed just a morose curiosity then. But I was religiously silent. I, their landlady's daughter, would not seek to put myself on any foothold of equality with these people, because I had a widower brother in their own station, who had sent me across the Atlantic, "where all good Americans go," to be educated.

And so the conversation flagged, and we sat so long and so quietly in the sweet summer dusk that I think we had almost forgotten each other's presence there; at least I had, and commenced crooning dreamily and low, as I had a habit of doing. He suggested his proximity by playing a soft accompaniment to my song without words. When I stopped, nor could be persuaded to sing, he went on playing some deep rich melody such as I had never heard before, and that drew me irresistibly to the piano, to lean and listen. When he would have ceased, I begged him to go on, with a little authoritative gesture of the hand—another silly trick I had contracted through being a petted and willful child, used to its own way—that fortunately he could not have seen in the darkness; and at that moment a spray of pink roses I had worn fastened against my white dress, at the throat, loosened and struck his hand, scattering a tiny breeze of sweet incense, as they fell with a thud to the floor.

Mother came in with lamps, and I lowered the shades, and arranged the transparent screens to the lights; and tried to find my roses. They were gone.

We had understood that Mr. Berthold would only stay a day or two, and come down very occasionally; but the days had slid by to the number of twelve, before he spoke of leaving Villa Wilde. In the mean time another family, the Claxtyres, consisting of a stately madame and two daughters—one a confirmed invalid, the other a vivid brunette beauty, as arrogant as proud little Mrs. Alice Berthold—had come to stay with us. These last people being acquainted with several wealthy families who had summer residences near Villa Wilde, there was soon a whirl of gaiety and fashion in the neighborhood involving even the quiet of our domicile in its eddy.

I, however, was entirely out of it. We kept but one servant, and mother and I devoted our summer to work. Our hope of reward lay in the coming autumn, when she was to pay a visit to my sister Eleanor, who lived in nice style in Chicago, and I was to be first bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding in Washington—the wedding of a senator's daughter, who had been one of my very intimate friends at school. We knew these recreations would make a large draft upon our small income, and so had decided to rise superior to petty pride and work for our pleasures.

After the advent of the Claxtyres I saw almost as little of Mr. Berthold as of his wife. But the night before his departure we happened to meet. I had been down to the post-office to mail some letters, when, walking back, he overtook me, and accompanied me home.

"How is it you are not gone to the Aldens?" I asked, as we strolled leisurely toward Villa Wilde under an arch of elms through which the silvery moon shone sifted in shafts and broken checks.

"I am tired of dances, and stayed home to get a glimpse of you, Miss Morency." He spoke as I had never heard him speak before; with some intense meaning in his tones, his blue eyes reading my face that I felt was flaming angrily.

"Mr. Berthold, I think you forget—" I commenced, haughtily, but he interrupted me:

"I forget nothing, Miss Morency; I tell you calmly that I stayed home purposely to see you, because I enjoy a quiet chat with you better than a dozen gatherings where you are not," and he smiled provokingly down upon my anger.

"Then if you forget nothing, the knowledge that you are insulting your wife, as well as me, should have saved you from making such speeches!" I cried, indignantly.

"Who told you I had a wife?" he asked, quickly.

"Who is Mrs. Berthold?" I exclaimed, in a perfect tumult of conflicting emotions and vague suspicions, as I noticed more vividly than ever his resemblance to the lady in question.

"My sister."

He noted my face a moment with amused eyes, then asked, gravely:

"Will you take my arm, Miss Morency?"

And walking on he explained how the mistake had come about. His sister had married a cousin of the same name; and, he added, quietly, she had recently separated from him; the cause of her selecting a quiet home at Villa Wilde for the summer, instead of going to her usual fashionable haunts. When he finished we stood at the foot of the piazza steps. He suddenly caught my hands in his, saying:

"I hoped you would give me a tidy room in your thoughts while I am away, and so I wanted you to learn your mistake."

"Mrs. Berthold is feeling quite ill, sir, and wishes you to step over to Mr. Alden's for her immediately," announced Marie coming up the walk.

Once or twice through the summer, Mr. Berthold came down to Villa Wilde for a day or two; but I scarcely interchanged a word with him. He was almost entirely in the company of the Claxtyres. And now the time came for our boarders to depart. Mr. Berthold was coming to take his sister home, and the following day the Claxtyres, too, would go.

It was almost train time, and I was adding a few fresh buds to the flowers in the parlor, when Marie came in and asked if I would grant Mrs. Berthold a few minutes' interview, in her room. I nearly said no; but laughed at the idea of minding the lady's airs, and ran up-stairs. Mrs. Berthold sat by a table, where a half-soiled letter lay, dressed richly for dinner; the two families were only waiting for Mr. Berthold, to go out to dine. The lady half turned toward me, acknowledging my presence with the slightest bow. "My brother is coming to-night, Miss Morency." As that was a well-known fact, I did not see the necessity for a reply. After a trifling pause, she continued, "And before he leaves here, he intends conferring upon you the honor of a proposal of marriage." I ground my teeth to help me mate her calmness. "As he says in this letter, of course you will accept; Steve is the soul of honor, and will abide by your 'yes' as faithfully as if it were not his bitterest fate.

He loves Shelah Claxtyre madly; but he thinks he has given you false hopes, and so bound himself by the honor of a gentleman to fulfill them even at the cost of his own happiness. You are a woman and will act like them all, I presume; but I was bound you should know the truth, and if you commit a crime against Stephen, commit it knowingly."

She bowed her intimation that the interview was ended, and for one awful moment I could have smiled to see the handsome, scornful blonde face pallid with death. But I scorned to answer her one word, and went slowly, blindly, back to the parlor, to face Stephen Berthold.

"How good of the very person to whom I wished to speak to come to me first! Miss Morency, I have a very brief word to say, and I crave an honest answer. Will you be my wife?"

"No."

"Ida, you mean this?"

"As truly as if it was my last earthly breath and word!" and I forced myself to walk calmly out of the room, though I longed to run and scream, as I thought of the handsome glad face I was leaving at my answer.

Try as hard as I would to conquer mind and body, I was not well through all that fall. Mother, who knew nothing of my life, blackened through the effects of our summer's work, said I needed change; and even I was glad when I was really on my way to the capital.

Edith's wedding was one of the grandest affairs ever witnessed there; and I could not help enjoying all the music, and whirl, and beauty, though my heart was very heavy under its coverings of pale silk and lace. At last, it was aroused from its calm sorrow to mad, passionate pain. Among the guests thronging to pay their devotions to the bride, was Stephen Berthold. We bowed very coldly.

It was late, when the crowd was beginning to thin, that I saw him again. He walked up to me with a very white, resolute, grave face.

"Miss Morency, my passage is engaged for Europe, day after to-morrow. If I go I shall not return in many years. Will you grant me five minutes' conversation before we part?" I suppose I must have answered him, yes; for he led me to a curtained alcove. He folded his arms and stood facing me.

"Some people would think me weak, that I should sue again to a woman who has positively refused my love. But I never loved but once, never shall love again; and I do desire to know if love can make such mistakes, and women who seem good can be so deceitful, as my experience has seemed to prove. Ida, I love you with my whole soul, and was so sure you cared a little for me! Was I utterly mistaken? Is your answer unchanged? Will you bid me go away from the land that holds my one idol?"

As he spoke I had been cold and hot in horrid alternations. I could not but choose to believe all he said. I put out my hand to his.

"Stay with—stay here!"

"My darling!" he tried to take me to his arms, but I motioned him back. "That dear gesture," he laughed; "you used it to me the first night we met—what is it, Ida?"

"I wanted to ask how long you have cared for me?"

"I have loved you, my queen, since the first moment I laid my eyes on you, when you had a smudge of dust on your chin and—"

"Your sister called me—"

"He stopped me with kisses. 'Never mind, what Alice said. I want to try to realize how supremely happy I am; and that soon I shall wear near my heart the owner of these,' and he showed me my lost spray of roses."

## Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A DUTIFUL GRANDDAUGHTER.

THE drive home was a silent one, or, at least, it would have been, only Vivia chafed like a magpie all the way. Lady Agnes, sitting with her face to the horse, looked thoughtful and preoccupied; and as for Margaret, silence was her forte.

Vivia stopped at length, with a pout. "I declare you are too provoking, grandmamma! Here I have asked you three times what you thought of the Countess Portici, to-night, and her superb opals, and you've never deigned to answer me once."

Her ladyship, coming out of a brown study, looked at her displeased granddaughter. "My dear, excuse me; I was thinking of something else. What were you saying?"

"Ever so many things; but you and Margaret won't speak a word. Perhaps Margaret is thinking of the conquest she made to-night."

"What conquest?" asked Lady Agnes, looking suspiciously at her niece, who shrunk further away as she was spoken of, and had two scarlet spots on either cheek quite foreign to her usual complexion.

"Tom, of course! Could you not see he was her very humble, most obedient servant all the evening? I wish you joy of your victory, Margaret."

"Thank you! You forget he only came to me in desperation, because you discarded him, cousin Victoria."

"Both Tom and Margaret know better than to dream of such a thing," said Lady Agnes, with dignity. "Tom must marry a fortune; for he can only take a poor wife on the principle that what won't keep one will keep two. As for Margaret, I shall see that she is properly settled in life, after you are married."

"Oh, grandmamma!" said Vivia, laughing. "What an idea!"

"A very reasonable idea, my dear. You expect to be married some time, I trust. And, *apropos* of flirtations, what do you call your *tele-a-lete* this evening with my handsome nephew?"

"A cousinly chat, grandmamma, of course," said the young lady, demurely.

"Ah! Cousinly chat! Precisely! And what do you think of this new-found cousin?"

Miss Vivia shrugged her pretty shoulders in very French fashion, that had a trick of grandmamma's self in it.

"I have not had time to think of him at all. I only met him last night for the first time, you recollect."

"And how long does it take to form your mighty opinions, Mademoiselle Talleyrand? Do you like him?"

"Yes; that is, I don't know."

"Do you like him better than the Marquis de St. Hilary?"

"Oh, grandmamma!" said Vivia, blushing vividly.

"You have changed your opinions, if you do," said Lady Agnes, a little maliciously.

"Long ago, when Sir Roland gave you the

pony, named Leicester, after this new-found cousin, you insisted on changing the name to Claude, *en amour*. Do you recollect?"

"Grandmamma! I was such a goose, then."

"Exactly. And in six years more, when you look back, you will think you were just as great a goose now. Of course, you have decided that Leicester is handsome!"

"There can be but one opinion about that," said the young lady, as the carriage stopped before the door, and she tripped lightly up the steps, humming an air from "Undine."

A most aristocratic and sleepy porter threw open the door, and they entered the brilliantly-lighted hall.

Margaret, with a very brief good-night, went to her room; and Vivia, gayly kissing her grandmother, was about to follow, when that lady detained her, and opened the drawing-room door.

"Not good-night, Victoria. It is only ten o'clock, and too early to think of bed. Come in here. I have five words to say to you, that may as well be said to-night as to-morrow."

Very much surprised at grandmamma's grave tone, Victoria followed her into the deserted drawing room, on whose marble hearth a few red embers still glowed; for the May evenings were chilly, and her ladyship liked fires. The girl sat down on a low ottoman beside the elder lady's couch, looking very pretty with flushed cheeks and her brilliant eyes, her golden hair falling damp and uncured over her shoulders, from which the gay opera-cloak was loosely slipping to the floor. She lifted up an innocent, inquiring face, like that of a little child.

"What is it, *ma mere*?"

Lady Agnes took one tiny, taper hand, spotless and ringless as the free young heart. Miss Shirley never wore rings.

"Pretty little hand!" she said, caressing it, the cold blue eyes looking fondly down into the beautiful upturned face; "and how well an engagement-ring would become it!"

"Oh, grandmamma!"

"You expect to wear an engagement-ring some time, my dear! You do not always expect to be Miss Shirley?"

"I wish I could be. It is such a pretty name, I never want to change it!"

"Little simpleton! If I have my way, you shall change it within two months!"

"Why, grandmamma?"

"Don't look so astonished, child. One would think you never had such an idea as marriage in your life!"

"But, grandmamma, I don't want to be married!" said mademoiselle, with the prettiest pout in the world; "it is so dowdyish! And then I am too young—I am only eighteen!"

"Eighteen is an excellent marriageable age, my dear—I was married a year younger than that!"

"Grandmamma, have you got tired of me all of a sudden, that you want to send me away? What have I done?"

"You great baby! What has it done?" mimicking the young lady's tone. "I shall have you put in pinafores and sent back to the nursery, if you don't learn to talk sense! Do you know why I have rejected all the eligible offers you have had this winter?"

"Because you are the dearest, kindest grandmamma in the world, and you knew your Vic did not want to accept any of them!"

"Nothing of the kind! They have been rejected because I have reserved you, since you were twelve years old, for another!"

Up flew the flaxen eyebrows, wide opened the violet eyes, in undisguised amazement.

"Since I was twelve years old! Why, I was only that age when I came first from France."

"Right! And from the first moment I saw you, your destiny was settled in my mind."

Lady Agnes was certainly a wonderful woman. She ought to have been at the head of a nation instead of at the head of the fashionable society of London. The calm consciousness of triumph radiated her pale face now, and she looked down like an empress on the flaxen-haired fairy at her feet, smiling, too, at the look of unutterable wonder on the pretty countenance.

"Can you guess who this favored gentleman is, my dear?"

"Guess! Oh, dear me, no, grandmamma!"

"Try!"

"It can't be—it can't be—"

"Who?" said Lady Agnes, curiously, as she stopped with an irrepressible little laugh.

"Tom! You can never mean Tom, grandmamma!"

"Tom! Oh, what a child! You may well call yourself a goose! Of course not, you little idiot. I mean a very different person, indeed—no one else than Leicester Cliffe!"

The hand Lady Agnes held was suddenly snatched away, and the girl covered her face with both, with a beautiful movement of modesty. Lady Agnes laughed—her short, satirical laugh.

"Don't blush, dear child! There is nobody here but grandmamma to see it! What do you think of your intended bridegroom?"

"To think that I should have laughed and talked with him as I did to-night!" said Vivia, in a choking voice, as she turned away her hidden face, "and he knowing this! Oh, grandmamma, what have you done?"

"Nothing that you need go into hysterics about! Are you never going to laugh and talk with the person you intend to marry?"

She did not speak, and the lady saw that the averted cheek was scarlet.

"You are right in thinking he knows it. He does; I told him to-day, and he has consented!"

No answer.

"Headmire you exceedingly—he loves you, I am sure, and will tell you so at the proper opportunity. Nothing could be more desirable, nothing more suitable than this match. I have set my heart on it, and so has Sir Roland, for years. You will be the happiest bride in the world, my daughter."

The heiress of Castle Cliffe, one hand still shading the averted face, the other again held in grandmamma's, the scarlet cheek veiled by the falling hair, the graceful little figure drooping, never spoke or looked round.

"He is everything the most romantic maiden could wish—young, handsome, agreeable, a man and a gentleman, every inch! Then he is a Cliffe—not your cousin, though; cousins should never marry—and heir to a fortune second only to your own."

Still silent.

"Child!" cried Lady Agnes, impatiently, "what are you thinking of? are you asleep? do you hear me?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"Then why don't you answer? You will never dream of refusing, surely."

"No."

It came so hesitatingly, though, that the lady, who had been leaning easily back, sat up very straight and looked at her.

"Victoria, I am surprised at you! Did you ever dream for a moment you would be left to

choose any stray coxcomb, such as girls are given to take a fancy to! Have you not always understood that your marriage was to be arranged by your guardians, myself and your father?"

"Does papa know of this?"

"Certainly! I told him to-day, after dinner."

Vivia remembered, now, that papa and grandmamma had been closeted in close converse for over an hour, after dinner; and how the colonel had come out, looking very grave, and had given her a glance in passing, half-tender, half-mirthful, half-sad; had declined accompanying them to the theater, and had solaced himself with cigars all the rest of the afternoon. She started up now at the recollection.

"Grandmamma, I must see papa! I must speak to papa about this to-night!"

Lady Agnes sat up very stately and displeased.

"Is it necessary you should speak to him before you answer me, Miss Shirley?"

"Oh, grandmamma, don't be angry! but I feel so—so strange; and it is all so sudden and queer!"

"Remember, Victoria, that I have set my heart on this matter, and that it has been set on it for years. Take care you do not disappoint me!"

Vivia knelt softly down, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and touched the still smooth white hand with her lips.

"Grandmamma, you know I would not disappoint you for the world! Surely, it is little as I can do, after all these years of care and love, to yield my will to yours! But, I must—I must see papa!"

"Very well. You will find him in the library, I dare say; but I must have your answer to-night."

"You shall. I will be back here in ten minutes."

"That is my dutiful little granddaughter," said Lady Agnes, stooping to touch the pretty pleading lips with her own. "Go, then; I will wait here."

The fairy figure with the golden hair floated down the staircase, through the hall, and into the library. An odor met her at the door—not the odor of sanctity, but the fragrant one of cigars, heralding the gentleman who sat in the crimson arm-chair by the window. The gas had been turned down, and one flickering ray alone pierced the darkness like a lance. The lace curtains had been drawn back, and the pale starlight shone in and rested on the colonel, sitting with his back to the door, and his eyes looking up at their tremulous beauty. One hand rested on a paper on his knee; the other absently held a cigar that had gone out long ago. The handsome and ever gay face looked strangely pale and grave, and he did not see the figure floating through the shadowy room, with wan green emeralds flashing feebly on the white neck, until it sunk down with a cry of "Oh, papa!" beside him; and a pretty flushed face, and a shower of gold hair, fell bowed on his knee. Then he looked down at it, not in surprise, but with the same glance, half-tender, half-gay, half-sad.

"Well, Vivia, it has come at last, and my little girl has found out she is no longer a child."

It was a characteristic trifle—character is always shown best in trifles—that while Lady Agnes, overlooking in her grand and lofty way the very memory of so rebellious a personage as the dead French actress, always called her granddaughter Victoria, not Vivia, the colonel scarcely ever thought of calling her anything else.



"Papa, you know I don't!"

"Very good! I see no reason, then, why you should not marry him to-morrow. If the hero of this sentimental plan of grandmamma's had been any other man than Leicester Cliffe, I should not have listened to it for a moment; but as it is, I fancy it's all right; and we must conclude it's one of the marriages made in heaven. I own I have a weakness for people falling in love in the good old orthodox way, as I did myself long ago. Look here, Vivian."

Vivian had often noticed a slender gold chain that her father wore round his neck, and wondered what talisman was attached. Now he withdrew it, displaying a locket, which he opened and handed to her. Vivian looked at it with awe. The beautiful uplifted eyes; the dark hair, half waves, half curls, falling back from the oval face; the superb lips smiling up on the gazer—she knew it well. Reverentially she lifted it to her lips.

"It is my mamma—my dear dead mamma!"

"It is! and next to you, my Vivian, I have prized it through all those years as the most precious thing I possessed. I give it to you, now, and you must wear it all your life!"

"I shall wear it over my heart till I die! But, papa—"

She had been looking at it with strange intentness, and now she glanced up at him with a puzzled face.

"Well, Vivian?"

"Papa, it is the oddest thing; but, do you know, I think it resembles somebody I've seen."

"Who?"

"You will laugh, perhaps, but it is Barbara Black! It is a long time since I have seen her; but I have a good memory for faces, and I do think she looks like this."

The colonel leaned forward and looked at it thoughtfully.

"I have noticed it before. There is something in the turn of the head and in the smile that is like Barbara; but we see those chance resemblances every day. Are you not afraid Lady Agnes will be tired waiting?"

"I will go to her in a moment, papa!" she said, kissing the likeness again, and placing it round her neck. "But first tell me about the plan you spoke of, after I am—"

she stopped, blushing.

"Married, Vivian?" he said, laughing.

"Yes, papa. You spoke of a plan, you know?"

"I did, and here it is!"

He pointed, as he spoke, to the paper, which was filled with accounts of the war, whose echo from the frozen shores of Russia was then clanging through the world. A great victory had just been gained, and the columns were dark with deeds of blood and heroism. Vivian clasped her hands, and turned pale, with a premonition of what was coming.

"It is hardly the thing," said the colonel, "that an old soldier, like myself, should loiter here in inglorious idleness, while such deeds as these are making men famous every day. Now that Vivian is to leave, the old house at home will be rather dreary for comfort, and I shall be off for Sebastopol within a week after you become Mrs. Cliffe."

She did not speak. She clasped her hands on his shoulder, and dropped her face thereon.

"The plan is—Lady Agnes has the whole thing arranged—that you and she and Leicester (for she intends accompanying you) are to pass the summer in France and Switzerland, the winter in Italy, enjoy the carnival in Venice, Holy Week in Rome, and come back to Cliftonlea in the following spring, so that you will be a whole year absent. Meanwhile I shall be storming redoubts, and leading forlorn hopes, and writing letters, in the Russian trenches, to my pretty daughter, who will be—"

"Praying for you, papa!"

He had felt his shoulder growing wet with tears, and before he could speak, she had risen and glided lightly from the room.

Upstairs, Lady Agnes was pacing up and down, in a little fever of impatience. Vivian paused for a moment as she passed on her way to her own room.

"I will do everything you wish, grandmamma!" she said. "Good-night!"

Conquering Lady Agnes! What a radiant smile she cast after the graceful form, disappearing in its own chamber. But once there, the bride-elect fell down on her knees by the window, and buried her face in her hands, feeling that the shining stream along which she had floated all her life was becoming turbid and rough, and that she was drifting, without rudder or compass, into an unknown sea, void of sunshine or shore. So long she knelt there, that the stars waxed pale and went dimly out, one by one, before the gray eyes of the coming morning, and one—the morning star—looked brightly down on her alone. Well might Vivian keep vigil. In one hour her whole childhood had passed from her like a dream.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

## Tiger Dick: OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

"FLORENCE! Florence!" cried Mr. Carrington, shaking her.

She looked at him without seeming to recognize him, as people gaze in their sleep.

He shook her again.

"Florence, for God's sake, arouse! Do not look at me in that way!"

She recovered herself with a long-drawn sigh. She looked at him as quietly as before, but now with intelligence in her eyes.

"Thank God! you are yourself again!" he murmured, fervently.

"Is that all?" she asked, in a quiet, even tone of voice, from which every vestige of excitement and passion had vanished.

"Desist, my poor girl. Give up this vain pursuit. It is beyond your strength, and can only end in wretchedness and disappointment."

"Mr. Carrington, I am forced to credit what you have told me thus far; but these are not the only charges, and I am resolved to combat this arraignment at every point. I will yield to nothing but absolute, indubitable proof. If there is the shadow of a doubt, it shall be viewed in every phase; it shall be sifted to its ultimate particles; it shall be followed out in every detail. As for the rest, nothing can affect me, after what you have told me; I can now look calmly upon this horror in its most monstrous forms; I shall have strength to pursue it unflinchingly to the end. Go on. What is next?"

"Florence, I beg of you to let this matter drop. All of your noble resolve cannot alter the bitter truth. It can only fall back upon your heart in chilling defeat and disappointment."

"Mr. Carrington; look at me!" and she drew herself up with flashing eyes and dilating bosom, a very queen in her indomitable strength of purpose. "Do I look like a woman to be lightly turned from the path which she has marked out for herself? I tell you, my heart and brain—my whole being is enlisted in this work. I will succeed! I know that I am in the right! Sir, he stood before me, and with a look in his eyes that gull could never simulate, said: 'Florence, I am innocent—I am innocent!' Do you think that anything can shake my confidence in him after that? No, never! nothing but absolute, indisputable demonstration. I told him that I trusted him as I trusted my God. I repeat it—my confidence in him at this moment is as deep, as unshaken as my belief in the beneficence of the all-wise Father!"

"And yet, can you question the fact of his drunkenness—his gambling?"

"He did not refer to these. There is some other charge, that so far overshadows them that they were not present to his mind when he spoke. And now, sir, if you refuse to enlighten me further, I must appeal again to his father; for know the rest, I will!"

"It is useless to oppose you. I hesitated only through kindness."

"I believe you, sir; but it was mistaken kindness. Pray proceed. What is the next charge?"

"Forgery!"

An icy shiver ran through her frame; there was a quivering tension of all the muscles; the blood ebbed away, leaving her like a corpse; and then she sat perfectly still.

"Has he confessed this too?" she asked, in icy tones.

"Not in words, but by his looks and actions."

A sudden flash came into her eyes; the blood flowed back to her face; and she leaned forward and rested her hand on Mr. Carrington's knee.

"Stop right here!" she said, eagerly. "Who is his accuser?"

"No one accuses him. Mr. Beaumont—"

"Ha! Mr. Beaumont! Oh, the villain! the base, lying hypocrite!"

"Florence, you are unjust. That unfortunate boy has biased your mind. If you let prejudice rule your judgment, you will never attain the truth. Mr. Beaumont has—"

"I know him better than you do. I repeat that he is a willful calumniator—an unscrupulous intriguer, plotting to secure his own ends!"

"But, my dear, he cannot alter the truth," said the old man, with a sad smile of indulgence.

"No; but he can so mold appearances as to give them the semblance of truth."

"But the motive?"

"Hatred of Frederick—a determination to ruin him."

She did not tell him of the rivalry between Cecil and Fred. Perhaps it would not have moved him if she had, so firm was his conviction.

"My dear girl," he replied, "no one could have displayed more friendly consideration than has Mr. Beaumont, from the very first. No one could be more reluctant to bring dishonor upon one whom he has long esteemed as a friend."

"Oh! the arch hypocrite!"

"Florence, see how unjust you are. Although all along knowing of the boy's excesses, Mr. Beaumont never breathed a word of them until Frederick's father went to him for assistance in ascertaining the facts."

"Far better had he taken the Father of Evil into his counsel!"

"Be reasonable, girl. Cannot you see that it was for Frederick's good? Yet he hesitated to bring him under the displeasure of his father. With equal reluctance did he lay before us the incontrovertible facts that fastened upon the wretched boy the guilt of forgery."

"And what were those facts—alleged?"

She persisted in the expression of her disbelief.

"He produced two pieces of half-burnt paper, which he had found in the stove, and on which Frederick had imitated his father's signature."

"He produced two pieces of paper, which he had found, and on which (he said) Frederick had imitated his father's signature!" repeated Florence, with stinging emphasis.

Mr. Carrington waved his hand.

"On which some one had been imitating Mr. Powell's signature. Then he produced a draft, cashed in Chicago, returned to us in this morning's mail along with several others, and entered with them in the advice accompanying. That draft was a forgery. Upon comparison, the signature on the draft and the imitations on the pieces of burnt paper proved identical."

"Well?"

"Yesterday morning, while Mr. Beaumont was skiving in his dressing-room, some one entered. When Mr. Beaumont stepped to the door to learn who had come in, he saw Frederick—"

"Says that he saw him!"

"Says that he saw him thrust two sheets of paper into his desk, one of which was a letter in Mr. Powell's handwriting, the other bore imitations of his signature."

"Have you looked? Are they there?"

She bent forward eager, breathless.

"We looked! They were there!"

She sunk back, stunned again into that icy calm.

"Again were the signatures compared. Again did they prove identical."

She recovered herself with a long drawn, tremulous breath.

"Mr. Carrington," she said, with quiet directness, "he never burned those pieces of paper; he never signed that draft; he never put into his desk that letter and the sheet bearing the spurious signatures?"

Again Mr. Carrington smiled—but, oh, such a sad smile! He could see in her reiteration only the blind persistency of self-deluding love.

"My poor child, on that sheet the boy had carelessly thrown off his own signature, evidently wearying with the labor of imitation; and the last copy was but half done, ending in a scratch of the pen, where he had started at the interruption of Mr. Beaumont's appearance."

"Mr. Carrington," persisted Florence, "I recognize in this only a fatal mistake, or a terrible fraud! I trust him as I trust my God!"

The old man did not try to reason with her. He only caressed her hair.

"Go on," she said. "Is there anything else?"

"Spare me!—spare yourself!" pleaded Mr. Carrington.

"I cannot. I must know all."

"Florence, I would save you the pain of this last; but you force me to speak. Steel your heart, my child, for the cruel blow. It will call for all your strength. You know that last night the bank was plundered. Frederick Powell was a party to the robbery of the father who loved him—who trusted him, as you trust him now!"

Mr. Carrington was surprised at the effect of his words. Florence looked into his face and smiled.

"Oh, Mr. Carrington, this is too absurd!" she said.

"Incredible as it seems, it is the melancholy truth."

"You cannot be in earnest. Why should he give his father's money to strangers?"

"Do not you see that when a man begins to squander his money in dissipation and gambling, it creates an increased demand for it? No young man's salary could long stand such a drain. He could not hope to commit forgery successfully more than once or twice. Here was a chance to get a large supply; and Tiger Dick, the man at whose table he gambled, was ready to tempt him."

"But why take Frederick into company with him? If disposed to commit the robbery, why not do it on his own account, and secure all the money to himself? No man would rob his own father without the inducement of a very disproportionate share of the spoils."

"Through Frederick he could learn the interior arrangements of the bank, and in case of detection, could use him as a shield. Through him he did learn the night when Mr. Beaumont slept at the bank; through him he secured the means of noiseless entrance; and having been captured, he was ready for the contingency, and will now escape, because the father cannot brand his son a felon."

"Tell me the whole story—Frederick's connection with it, and the part played by Mr. Beaumont."

Mr. Carrington detailed to her the incidents of the robbery and the conversation with Jimmy Duff. Then she stopped him.

"You say that they brought a kit of burglars' tools with them, and upon hearing a breathing in Mr. Beaumont's room, they asked the janitor if any one else slept in the bank. A short time since you stated that they already knew of Mr. Beaumont's presence on that particular night, from Frederick."

"That was a mere ruse, to hide their knowledge of the situation of affairs, lest its thoroughness should give rise to the suspicion that they were in collusion with some one connected with the bank."

"But the janitor and Mr. Beaumont were under the impression, at first, that false keys were used. What proof is there to the contrary?"

"The bold, dictatorial tone of Tiger Dick. Of what use would it be to make so shallow a pretense, and one which could not stand a moment, if only a pretense?"

"And what said Frederick?" asked Florence, the old anxiety returning to her face.

It seemed as if the meshes of this terrible snare were slowly closing about her lover, binding him limb and limb.

"At first he grew violent, when required to give up his keys, and resorted to equivocation. Afterward he stated that he had lost them."

Mr. Carrington did not mean to misrepresent his grandson; but his words conveyed the impression that he had received, rather than what had actually occurred during the fiery scene of the morning. He did not know it; but his words gave Florence the severest blow she had received since told that Fred had confessed his gambling to his father. Why had he been violent? Why had he resorted to equivocation? Those were the questions that kept buzzing in her brain, making the blood set back upon her heart in a crushing tide. She never once thought of doubting the truth of his grandfather's representation, so far as he spoke from actual observation.

"Here is another thing that you should see," said Mr. Carrington, and crossing the room, he took an envelope from the desk and placed the contents in her lap.

They were a photograph and a letter. Florence glanced at the photograph and instantly recognized the keys which she knew Fred to carry. Then she took up the letter.

It read:

JOHN POWELL, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR:—Being somewhat reluctant to part with the original documents, I send you herewith a copy which will serve as a receipt for the certificate. Assuming that these credentials establish my right to recognition as an independent belligerent, and as a power suitable to be treated with after the ordinary forms, I propose the following terms of capitulation, to show that I am willing to do the square thing:—Ist. To be returned (in such manner and at such time and place as shall hereafter be agreed upon) your dutiful son's share in the plunder, as stipulated, to wit, one-third (1/3) in consideration of services rendered. 2d. Besieged to march out with their side-arms, and no questions asked.

[Seal] TIGER DICK,  
Gen. Commanding.

FORT DE CROSS-BAR,  
July 5th, 18—

Florence read this characteristic missive with dry eyes, and laid it aside with a weary, almost despairing gesture.

"It was brought here an hour before your arrival," said Mr. Carrington.

She did not reply, but took up the photograph, and sat looking at it until the tears welled into her eyes and trickled down her cheeks. It was the relief she so much needed.

### CHAPTER XV. AN ALLIANCE.

For a long time Florence Goldthorp sat in tearful silence. Then arousing herself and laying aside the photograph, she said:

"Mr. Carrington, will you let me see the pieces of burnt paper and the other sheet with the copied signatures?"

"Destroyed!" They were destroyed.

"His father burned them. He could not bear to let the evidences of his son's guilt remain in existence."

"But, sir, was it not important for future investigation that they be preserved?"

"Where certainty has been reached, what room is there for further investigation? He could only bury the matter, and try to forget."

"Oh, sir! upon how fatal a basis have you proceeded! It is not for me to remind one of your age how little of certainty there is in this world—how easy it is to be mistaken. You have trusted to the infallibility of your judgment, and let the record of a whole life be overthrown by the circumstances of a day. Was your confidence in Frederick ever shaken before this morning?"

"No. But fact is fact, however much we may be deceived about it. When Copernicus declared that the world moved, it moved just as surely as if all the ages that had gone before had not supposed it stationary. I do not imagine the boy to have reached his present position at a stride. His father knew of his downward course three weeks ago; his companions, earlier; I discovered it only to-day."

She turned away with a sickening sense of despair. She seemed met at every point by a wall of adamant.

"At least you preserved the draft!" she asked, but without hope.

"That, too, was subsequently destroyed."

"There is nothing more you can tell me, Mr. Carrington?"

"Nothing; only that, of course, Mr. Powell

will pay no attention to the proposal of Tiger Dick. He cannot prosecute him; but neither can he publish to the world the acknowledgment of his son's guilt, by accepting the return of any part of the money."

Florence rose wearily, and thanking him for the information he had given, and bidding him good-afternoon, withdrew. In her carriage, with the curtains drawn, she buried her face in her hands in pained thought.

Half-way home she stopped her coachman, and directed him to the residence of Mrs. Brewster, Charley's mother. He sat erect, now, with her eyes full of earnest purpose.

"Mrs. Brewster," she said, upon meeting that lady, "will you kindly give me the use of your parlor for a little while, and a messenger to send for your son. For reasons, I do not wish to send my coachman."

"Certainly!" replied Mrs. Brewster, with surprise, smothered by politeness.

Twenty minutes later Charley entered her presence.

"You sent for me, Miss Goldthorp?" he said, seating himself near her in the depths of a bay-window.

"I did, Mr. Brewster. I know you to be a friend of Mr. Frederick Powell."

She blushed slightly, as she spoke. At mention of his friend's name Charley brightened with interest.

"I believe I may say that he has no truer, stauncher friend than myself," replied the young man, with deep feeling.

"I am glad to hear you speak in that way, Mr. Brewster. It enables me more freely to make some painful disclosures, and to ask your assistance in aid of that friend."

"You may depend upon my hearty co-operation, Miss Goldthorp. I would do much to oblige you; for my friend I count nothing as a task."

"I wish first to ask you as to his general habits and the kind of associates he affects."

Charley hesitated. He did not know her motive, and he would not betray his friend.

"You need have no reserve with me, Mr. Brewster. I wish to clear Mr. Powell of imputations against him, not to build them up."

"I believe you, Miss Goldthorp. Frederick goes with the other young men about town, and is very much like them."

"Plays billiards, and drinks occasionally?"

"We all drink more or less."

There was something magnanimous in thus coupling himself with his friend, in what might be deemed reprehensible, that impressed Florence. She flashed a grateful look into his face, and went on:

"Mr. Brewster, did you ever see him under the influence of liquor—intoxicated?"

A deep scarlet suffused her face as she asked the question, and her eyes sought the floor.

"I have seen him twice when he was not himself."

"Only twice?"

She looked up eagerly.

"Only twice."

She laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Mr. Brewster, are you so intimate with him that you would be apt to know if such a thing took place?" she asked, panting.

"We are almost constantly together. I think it could hardly take place without my knowledge."

"And the two instances with which you are familiar occurred?"

"One last night; the other three weeks since."

"Tell me all about them."

Charley related the incidents as far as he was connected with them.

"Do you know anything about Frederick's movements, after you parted with him on the night three weeks ago?"

Charley reddened and looked undecided.

"Reserve nothing, Mr. Brewster. Nothing but the truth and the whole truth will do in this case. (When telling what may seem most commendatory, you may reveal some point on which everything else hinges.)"

"Miss Goldthorp, after leaving me Frederick and Mr. Sanderson repaired to a gambling-den, kept by a man called Tiger Dick. There Frederick won a hundred dollars, before leaving."

"How did you learn this?"

"It was the common talk the next morning among our set. His being seen in such a place occasioned some surprise."

"Then he was not in the habit of gambling?"

"Never before, in that way, that I know of."

"In that way? What other way could he have gambled?"

"Some people call betting on horses and boat-races gambling."

"And he made such bets?"

"Never for more than the oysters, or, possibly, five or ten dollars."

"Has he gambled any within the last three weeks, that you know of?"

"I am almost sure that he has not."

"Mr. Brewster, do you think that Frederick's expenditures greatly exceed his salary?"

"Most assuredly not. I don't know that he saves much; but he is not more extravagant than other young men of his position in life."

"Who is this Mr. Sanderson?"

"Well," said Charley, with a puzzled smile, "he's Fred's evil genius. I don't know of a term which will exactly describe him; but he's a sort of nobody, that gains a kind of recognition among respectable fellows by his impudence, and by the freedom with which he spends his money. He keeps Brown & Thurlow's books."

"You think that he has led Frederick into dissipation?"

"No doubt of it. I've tried to counteract his influence, and my interference has twice led to an open breach between Fred and myself."

"Do you think he could be approached by money? If it was to his interest to withhold a piece of information, could he be induced to reveal it by making it more to his interest to do so?"

"If he was sure no one would find it out, I think he would accept a consideration. But he is a sort of shoddy gentleman, and would not sacrifice his caste for money."

"Mr. Brewster, I must see him."

"If you wish it, I will fetch him to you here."

"I should be much indebted to you."

"I shall have to introduce him to you in due form, Miss Goldthorp. As I said, he has dainty notions



"But he quarreled with Frederick." "Yet you must admit that Frederick was almost wholly in the wrong, and that Mr. Beaumont conducted himself like a gentleman." Florence cringed from two causes—first, at this view of her lover's conduct, coming from an impartial witness and his nearest friend; and, second, at what she was about to utter.

"Mr. Brewster," she said, "there is nothing so unreliable as outside appearances. But let that pass. I know that you are a man of honor; and circumstances justify the revelation I am now about to make. This is Cecil Beaumont's motive for ruining Frederick Powell. On the day before Frederick's fatal visit to Tiger Dick's den, Cecil Beaumont made me a proposal of marriage. Upon my rejection of his suit, he flew into such a rage as no good man ever succumbs to. He referred to Frederick as his rival; and, not in words, but in looks and tones, displayed the whole malignity of his nature. The world might say that my vanity exaggerated the importance which he attached to his disappointment; but in that momentary dropping of the veil, I saw a hatred that nothing but annihilation can satisfy. Again, in the look which he gave me after the quarrel at Dead Man's Bluff, I recognized Frederick's mortal enemy."

"During this recital, Charles Brewster was fidgeting with excitement, but did not interrupt her. When she concluded, he said: "Miss Goldthorp, do you mean to say that Cecil Beaumont has proposed marriage to you within three weeks?"

"Three weeks ago, this afternoon. Two or three days afterward he came to me for a reconciliation of friendship, with such a specious story of suffering and remorse, that I forgave him. But the look of yesterday undeceived me. I know that an implacable hatred does exist."

Charles Brewster was crimson with indignation, and his eyes flashed ominously as he said: "Miss Goldthorp, your last words have revealed to me the true character of the man. I had long suspected an engagement to exist between Mr. Beaumont and Miss Powell. On the day subsequent to the one of which you have just spoken, I was a forced listener to her jealous arraignment of him. She had put together your agitation on your return to the house, and his sudden disappearance, and was making herself miserable over them. He treated her jealousy as absurd, and reassured her completely. The man who can be guilty of such perfidy as he has manifested is capable of even greater crimes than the one which you impute to him. Miss Goldthorp, I renew my alliance with you. If friendship for Frederick left any lack of incentive, it is now fully supplied. Miss Powell must and shall be saved from the villainy of this man." He extended his hand; and as Florence placed hers within it in solemn compact, she saw in his eyes such a love for May Powell as she herself felt for Fred.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)

## AVIS.

I have watched you long, Avis—  
Watched you so,  
I have found your secret out;  
And I know  
That the restless ribboned things  
Where your slope of shoulder springs,  
Are but undeveloped wings  
That will grow.  
When you enter in a room  
It is stirred  
With the wayward, flashing light  
Of a bird;  
And you speak and bring with you  
Leat and sunray, bud and blue,  
And the wind-breeze and the dew,  
Like a bird.  
When you left me only now,  
In that furred,  
Puffed and feathered Polish dress,  
I was surprised  
Just to catch you, oh, my sweet,  
By the bodice trim and neat,  
Just to feel your heart's-beat,  
Like a bird.  
Yet, alas, love's light you deign  
But to wear  
As the dew upon the plumes,  
And you care  
Not a whit for rest or hush,  
But the leaves the lyric gush,  
And the wing power and the rush  
Of the air.  
So I dare not woo you, sweet,  
For a day,  
Lest I love you in a flash,  
As I may,  
Did I tell you tender things  
You would shake your sudden wings—  
You would start from him who sings,  
And away.

## The Flying Yankee:

## THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LAGOON PIRATES.

"Lash firm, men! Keep her off a little, helmsman, so that the two will sail more evenly," cried Noel, and then, raising his cap, politely, he turned toward Don Octavio, who, with Lalul and Violeta, had greatly admired the bold and skillful manner in which the young officer had laid his vessel alongside their own.

"Pardon me, senior, and you, seniorita, for boarding you in such an unceremonious manner; but yonder *drogher* is only temporarily crippled, and will soon follow; so I offer you the service of my schooner to escape him."

"I thank you, Senior Americano, from my heart I thank you, for my daughter and myself, for even now would we have been in his power had it not been for your timely aid and daring."

"Senior, this is no time for thanks, but for action; I have simply one six-pounder brass gun, and I observed the crew of the *drogher* engaged in getting a cannon out of the hold, to mount upon her fore-castle, and again give chase, so I urge you to at once go aboard the schooner."

"And what will become of my *carrera*?" "Remove all you can aboard my vessel, for I have room for your crew as well as yourselves, and if you do not care to have your craft fall into the hands of the buccaneers, set her on fire."

"Senior, I hesitate, not for the loss of my vessel, but for the trouble we will give you." "Do not mention it, sir. I am bound to Havana, and will take you there, if that was your destination."

"It is gladly I accept your kind offer, for I see the *drogher* is getting under way again;" and turning to his helmsman he bade him get the baggage, and what other things they could, quickly on board the schooner.

In a very short while the crew of the *carrera*, aided by half a dozen seamen from the schooner, had transferred the baggage, and a

few other things from the cabin and hold of the Cuban craft to the American, and Noel, with a polite salute to Violeta, offered his hand and conducted her into his own sumptuously-furnished saloon, saying:

"Here, lady, I trust you will make yourself as much at home as though this were your own vessel; your maid shall join you, and your father will be near you."

"Senior Americano, I owe you more than my life; but not now can I thank you, as your vessel needs your services, for I feel that even now we are in danger."

"True, lady; to say otherwise would be false; but I have faith in my little schooner's speed, and we may get out of range ere the gun is mounted upon the *drogher*. If I can in any way serve you, command me."

So saying, Noel left the cabin, and ascending to the deck found all in readiness to cast off.

"Have you set the *carrera* on fire?" "Yes, senior, it is burning in the hold, and the flames will soon break forth," answered Lalul, sadly, as if sorrowful to destroy his vessel.

"Then cut loose the lashings. Quick about it, men! Steady, helmsman; there, she forges ahead," and the next instant the schooner moved forward, and, free from the other craft, bent bravely to the breeze, which was now blowing quite brisk.

"Stranger, help the crew of the Cuban craft to store away their luggage, and let the baggage of the don and seniorita be taken into the cabin," and walking aft, Noel relieved the seaman from the helm and took the tiller himself.

"Ay, ay, sir; and about the crew of the *carrera*?"

"We would be glad to serve, if you would assign us to duty, senior," said Lalul, politely.

"All right, my men. You, senior, can divide the watches between my mate and myself, for I see you are a thorough seaman."

"Thanks, senior, and I will now relieve you of the helm," and Lalul stepped forward and Noel relinquished his place to him; while he walked toward the don and Violeta, who just then came up from the cabin.

"The *drogher* is in full chase, I see, senior."

"Yes, sir, and the pirates are hastening to mount their gun, which I believe is a long eighteen, as well as I can make out with my glass; but, we have a mile start now, and as soon as the deck is clear of luggage, I intend to crowd on all the sail the schooner will carry," answered Noel, pleasantly, and turning suddenly he beheld Violeta. Instead of looking upon the burning *carrera*, which, now half a mile astern, was enveloped in flames, she was gazing intently into his face.

"Their eyes met, and the maiden hid her burning gaze beneath the heavily-fringed lids, while her face flushed brightly; but over the features of Noel Moncrief stole a look of inexpressible sadness, for the beautiful maiden brought vividly to his mind one most dear to him, and whom his own act had lost to him forever."

"Senior, we are gaining upon the *drogher*," said Lalul, turning to the young American, and also discovering it, the Cuban planter remarked:

"I have great faith in your little craft, captain—captain—but I have not heard your name, senior."

"Can I see you a moment, sir?" suddenly asked Stranger, with a look of anxiety upon his face.

"In one moment, good Stranger—my name, don, is—"

"It is most urgent, sir," said Stranger, again intruding, and seeing the expression upon his face Noel stepped quickly forward, and the seaman said, in a low tone:

"Pardon me for seeming rudeness, sir, but I feared you were going to give your own name to the don."

"In truth was I, Stranger."

"Well, sir, we are bound to Havana, if we escape the buccaneer, and though the schooner is so altered as not to be recognized, still it would destroy all to go into port under your own name, as there may be some American vessel of war there."

"Ever thoughtful, my good Stranger—"

"Mr. Moncrief, I am no longer a stranger to you now, so I'll tell you frankly my name. It is Westley North."

"Two more, such as *Easter Southey* for instance, and you would have gotten around the compass; but, joking aside, I'll remember that your name is West hereafter, and mine is—"

"—a strange feeling urges me to it; and I will do it—my name is—Clarence Noel."

The seaman started as he heard the name, but only rejoined:

"You are a planter of wealth, living on the Mississippi river; and being fond of the sea this is your pleasure yacht."

"The very thing, West; now I will return to the don," and then he continued in a loud tone:

"Mr. West, run up the flying-jib, and set the topsails, for we must get away from that fellow."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and to the call of the seaman, now known as West, the crew of the *carrera* as well as the men belonging to the schooner, sprang nimbly to obey the order.

Joining the Cubans again, the don remarked:

"I was about to say, captain, as your mate called you away, that I am Don Octavio Guido, a planter of Cuba, and this is my daughter, the Seniorita Violeta."

Noel bowed at the introduction, while the maiden held forth her little hand and said, frankly:

"I trust, senior captain, we will be the warmest friends from this day, for we owe much to you; but, do you know you have not yet made known to us your name, Senior Americano?" added Violeta, with an arch smile.

"I am called Clarence Noel, and like your father, I am a planter. I live on the Mississippi river," and, as Noel spoke, every particle of color fled from his handsome face, leaving it as pale as death.

"We thought you were an American of wealth, senior, who amused himself with his yacht," said the don.

"Yes, I am devoted to the sea; but look! the buccaneer is striving hard to take us, and is now going to treat us to a few shots, for I notice the gun is mounted and they are loading it."

"Lady, will you retire to the cabin, for there is danger here?"

"No, Captain Noel, I will remain and share alike with my father and yourself the danger that threatens," said Violeta, firmly.

"Senior, let her fall off a little—steady as you are—now she runs rapidly—ha, there we have it!" and as the young commander ceased speaking the boom of the gun was heard, and the roar of an eighteen-pound solid shot above their heads caused an involuntary dodging amid the crew.

"Let them fire away, for each shot but checks their speed, and ere long we will be out of range," quietly remarked Noel, and he placed himself, as if by accident, between the

maiden and the danger that threatened her fair form.

Again came the roar of the long eighteen from the fore-castle of the *drogher*, and once more the shot flew above the schooner, and sunk in the sea a few cables' length ahead.

"Seniorita, there is danger here for you; his practice may give him better aim," said the American, again turning anxiously toward the Cuban maiden.

"Senior, I will not hide from the death that threatens both you and my father," proudly answered the maiden, and with a glance of admiration at her true courage, Noel turned once more to watch the movements of the *drogher*.

"Ala there comes another shot! By heaven how unfortunate! Forward there, West, and repair the damage!" cried the American, as he saw the last shot from the *drogher* pass closely over their heads and cut away the bowsprit close to the bows.

This damaged the schooner became unmanageable, and Noel was about to give orders to ease off the sheets fore and aft, and put her dead before the wind, when she suddenly broached to, and lay motionless upon the water.

All on board the schooner at once realized their danger, and a loud cheer from the *drogher* showed them that the pirates were now confident of success; but, undismayed, the young American sprang forward, and with the aid of West and the crew, for one and all worked with a will, a stout spar was soon rigged and run out to act as a bowsprit, the jibs were again hoisted, and once more taking the helm the little schooner felt the wind, her sails filled, and again her spar prow out through the waves, and just in time, for the *drogher* was but a hundred yards astern, and her crew, gathered on the fore-castle, seemed confident of success.

Seeing that the schooner had renewed her flight, the pirates uttered a cry of rage, and distinctly was the cry of the *drogher's* commander heard to once more fire upon the flying craft.

"After the next shot, senior, I will put her before the wind, and we may yet stand a chance to outwit the buccaneer, for you see he is now almost dead to windward of us and will have to follow suit if he gives chase, and in that case you will observe the high bow of the lugger will keep them from aiming the gun at us," said Noel, who, at a glance, had taken in this advantage.

"You speak truly, senior captain; my daughter and myself trust you most fully—ha! there comes the shot—"

"And, by heaven! there goes his gun! for, see, it has dismounted itself and gone down into the hold!" cried Noel, in an exultant tone.

All on board the schooner glanced at the *drogher* and saw that Noel had spoken truly, for the cannon, hastily and rudely mounted, had rebounded from an overcharge of powder, and had fallen to the deck below with a mighty crash, that threatened to break through the stout hull of the vessel.

"Now I believe we are safe, if we can only get out of range before they remount the gun. West."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Go down into the cabin and bring me that long rifle suspended over the companionway-brackets."

"Ay, ay, captain," answered the seaman, and disappearing in the cabin he soon returned bringing with him one of those long rifles, with octagonal barrels, small bosses and carved stocks, that have become so famous upon our Western frontier.

Again releasing the helm to Lalul, and bidding him keep the schooner steady, Noel coolly loaded the rifle, and then facing the *drogher*, suddenly, his quick eye ran along the barrel, and then followed the flash and sharp report, while a dark-visaged man standing upon the bow of the lugger was seen to throw up his arms wildly into the air and fall backward to the deck.

A cheer came from the crew of the schooner, and was answered by a howl from the buccaneers, one of whom began hastily to descend from the foremast, where he was at work out on the long spar of the fore-sail, where some of the lashings had been cut off by the schooner's shots.

As quick as was his movements, Noel was quicker, and, having reloaded the rifle, it was again leveled, and with a loud shriek, clutching at the air, the pirate fell into the sea and sank beneath the waves, while his comrades hastily sought refuge from the deadly aim by hiding themselves in the hold and behind the stump masts.

But again the rifle pealed forth, and once more a pirate fell beneath the unerring aim, while a cheer of triumph burst from the deck of the schooner.

"Don Octavio, I believe we are all safe, for my rifle has taught them caution, and ere they can mount their gun again we will be out of range. Here, West, put this back in the cabin," and Noel handed the weapon to his mate.

Soon it was evident to all that there was no more danger to be apprehended from the lugger, as, with all of her canvas spread, the schooner rapidly left her far astern, and by daylight the *drogher* appeared only as a mere speck upon the ocean.

The following morning the fair Violeta and her father awakened to find the schooner riding at anchor in the harbor of Havana, and, indeed, were the two Cubans most anxious to return in some way the kindness of their little helmsman, who, with a strange moroseness, little like his frank and kind manner of the day before, refused all offers of hospitality or reciprocity from those whom his courage and skill had saved.

Hurt by his persistent refusal to become their guest, at their city mansion in Havana, and pained to in no way be allowed to prove their gratitude for the service rendered them, Violeta and her father at length took their leave of the young captain of the schooner, and were rowed ashore to the nearest pier, while Lalul and the crew of the *carrera* quickly followed with the baggage in another boat, which immediately returned to the yacht.

## CHAPTER X.

## FOLLOWING FATE.

As Don Octavio Guido was about to enter a carriage, which Lalul had called upon landing, an exclamation from Violeta, who was already seated upon the back seat, caused him to suddenly glance around.

"What is it, my daughter?" asked the don, who was not yet in a pleasant mood after the refusal of Noel to become his guest, or even promise to call at his mansion.

"See! see the schooner, father."

Turning quickly, Don Octavio glanced over the harbor, and, his eye falling upon the little vessel, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said, musily:

"Strange, strange; I must confess I am in the dark regarding the movements of that wonderful young man."

"Father, I think I have it. Don Noel evidently was not bound to Havana in his yacht, but upon some different cruise, and only put in here to oblige us, and hence his immediate departure."

"I believe you are right, Violeta. Well, I trust we will meet him again, for I like not to be under such heavy obligations to any man," and, giving the direction to the coachman where to drive, the don entered the carriage and drove from the pier, while the fair Violeta turned many a longing glance toward the distant schooner. That her heart was deeply interested in its dashing but moody young commander was not wholly untrue, as we shall see.

The sight that had so astonished Don Octavio and the seniorita was the sudden hasty weighing of the schooner's anchor, and the rapid manner in which she was spread with canvas, to stand swiftly down the harbor.

There was reason for this sudden movement.

An American brig of war was gliding by into the harbor! One glance upon the vessel and Noel's face became as pale as death, for though with new spars and rigging, he recognized at once the vessel that had so long been his home, and on the decks of which he had once been second in command.

"West."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What brig is that, just passing us?" and the voice of Noel was low and deep with suppressed emotion.

The seaman turned quickly, and his own face paled slightly as his eyes fell upon the vessel, while he answered, in a low tone:

"Captain Noel, it is the American brig-of-war *Vulture*."

"Yes, my good friend; she escaped being wrecked, that fearful night, and, refitted, is sent to these waters."

"Yes, sir, I see Lieutenant Ainslie upon the quarter-deck," answered West, attentively regarding the brig, though, like Noel, he kept the main boom of the schooner between himself and the view of those upon the incoming vessel-of-war.

"True, I recognize Alden Ainslie, and he is her captain—yes, and beside him stands Calvin Bernard."

"Well, I am glad that they are both benefited by my leaving, and am glad to see that the reeder did not get himself into trouble, by his kindness in being my second."

"No, sir, he seems to have been promoted, for he wears a lieutenant's uniform."

"You are right, West," said Noel, glancing at the group of officers upon the brig's deck, for the two vessels were but a short distance apart.

Slowly the American vessel-of-war glided by, and headed further up the harbor, and attentively did the two men on the schooner watch her motions until they saw her drop anchor a half-mile away.

"West."

"Sir."

"We are outcasts."

The words were spoken slowly and with deep feeling, and to them the seaman made no reply, and Noel continued:

"Yes, West, we are outcasts, and it is my hand that has brought upon you, as well as myself, the brand of exile from the land of America."

"Captain Noel, do not speak thus, sir; you nobly stood by me, sir, in my distress, and I but acted the part of a friend when the world went hard with you," said West, feelingly.

"Indeed you did, my good friend; but, West, we cannot remain here, for we must at once away, and whither God only knows, for I am a hunted man."

"Yes, captain, we must away from here at once; but the world is wide and the ocean can be our home. Shall I get the schooner under way?"

"Yes, immediately," and in ten minutes more the fleet little vessel was flying down the harbor and heading for the open sea.

Having gained an offing, West called one of the crew to the wheel; and, beckoning to Noel as if he would speak to him privately, descended into the cabin, where he was followed the moment after by his commander, who had been idly watching the shores of Cuba disappear astern, and with bitter thought coming over the memories of the past that then crowded upon his heart and brain.

When the schooner fled from Portsmouth, the night of the storm, she headed on down the coast, and, with only her crew of two men, after a rapid run made the harbor of New York.

In those days the telegraph and railroad did not fly across the country, and Noel well knew he could reach New York, ship there a crew, fully store his craft, and draw funds he held there on deposit, ere the news came of his crime and flight.

He therefore boldly entered the harbor and visiting his bankers, for his father allowed him unlimited credit, drew from them a large amount of money, which they gave to him without a word, though surprised he should need such a sum.

But giving them no explanation Noel took his money, and visited a shipping merchant and at once purchased everything for a long cruise, besides being so fortunate as to secure from the ship-chandler a small six-pound brass gun, which he was anxious to possess himself of, as he knew not what might cross his path during his cruise.

Going aboard to receive his purchases, Noel then sent Stranger, now known as West, ashore to secure a crew, and by nightfall the faithful fellow returned, bringing with him a dozen good seamen, for he had been most careful to pick only those men whom he felt could be relied upon in a difficulty, and were not particular as to the service they were to enter upon.

With a few kind, but firm words, and an open, generous manner that had rendered him ever popular as an officer, Noel greeted his crew, and informed them that he was bound on a cruise for pleasure, and was destined for no particular point; but if they served him faithfully, he would never forget to look after their interests and reward them, while, if they acted otherwise, he would punish them most severely.

Predetermined to like their commander from what West had told them, the seamen received his words with a cheer, and were then quickly divided into three watches of three men each, for Noel had made West his first mate, and an intelligent-looking fellow among the crew his second officer, while the two remaining men served in the capacity of stewards, for which position they seemed most fitted.

It was a busy night aboard the little schooner, but toward daylight all arrangements for her cruise had been completed, and she immediately got under weigh and stood down the harbor.

By sunrise she passed through the Narrows, and three hours after rounded the low point

known as Sandy Hook, and immediately stood away to the southward, Noel recklessly indifferent where he would go.

But as the days and weeks rolled by, the young commander gained more regard for life, appeared to take greater interest in the cruise, and with considerable spirit, and a quiet enjoyment, devoted himself to the duties devolving upon him, to the great delight of his faithful mate, who had feared at one time it was the intention of Noel to return to Portsmouth and deliver himself up for trial.

Yet, though Noel had at first brooded sadly over the misfortunes that had overtaken him, and longed to end his miserable career, he soon banished from him such thought, and to all outward appearance became cheerful and contented with his hard lot, though at heart he deeply felt the bitter misery that had dogged his footsteps since his duel with his commander.

West was delighted at this change in his young captain, and suggested, for a motive that will eventually appear in this narrative, that the yacht should be put away for the coast of Cuba, and, willing to humor his faithful friend, Noel gave the order, and before a fair breeze the fleet little vessel soon ran down into the waters of the Gulf, and was steadily sailing along the coast of that beautiful isle of the sea, when from her decks the *carrera* was discovered, flying with all haste from the clutches of the buccaneer *drogher*.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

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## CONTENTED.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

There's nothing like contentment, sir,  
In all the world around,  
And I'm the most contented man  
That anywhere is found.  
I'm worse than any razor, strapped,  
And cannot raise a cent  
With derrier, or by force of arms,  
And yet I am content.

I'm married, and my wife is cross  
As two sticks o'er can be,  
Her cross she lifts extremely well,  
But lets it fall on me;  
She knocks me all about the house  
Without my least consent,  
The chair-backs suffer, so does mine,  
And yet I am content.

My mother-in-law smiles on my wife,  
And lends a helping hand,  
And seems to take a prominent part  
That strikes me as quite grand;  
She gives me much of her advice,  
Which for my good is meant,  
I try to smile, yet though I can't,  
I still am quite content.

My hopes decayed that looked so bright,  
And so my heart was tried,  
My flowers all faded ere they bloomed,  
My pigs took sick and died;  
My landlord wore my doors quite through  
In knocking for his rent,  
My creditors dun me with shot-guns,  
And yet I am content.

The crops I planted didn't grow,  
My ills have grown too fast,  
The children all have got the mumps,  
And it may be the last;  
My cow has left her bed and board,  
I don't know where she went;  
My relatives go back on me,  
But yet I am content.

What if the world turns upside-down,  
And I wait on my nose?  
What if my patch of ground is changed  
To patches on my clothes?  
I'm sure I shall not complain  
If all complaints are sent,  
I've got a spirit iron-hooped,  
And still shall be content.

## LEAVES

## From an Actor's Life ;

OR,

## Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

II.—William Barrymore—The Fairy Spectacle of the Three Wishes—Story of its Plot—Rat-trap Adams and Slags the Veteran—Utility Men—Macready, the Great Tragedian—Taylor the Costumer—Gagging Hamlet—The Tragedian's Disguise.

AN English dramatic author who came to Boston at this time, and wrote a fairy spectacle for the Tremont theater, was William Barrymore. He had achieved quite a success in England, in the class of dramatic composition called melo-drama. This is a play in which songs are interspersed.

The fairy spectacle was called "The Three Wishes" and was founded upon the fairy story of the same name. My services were called in requisition to represent one of the attendant spirits or hobgoblins, of the fairy queen who bestows the three wishes. There were a dozen of us children, little boys and girls, dressed as elves and fairies, with glistening wings affixed to our shoulders.

I remember two comedians in this play, by the names of W. F. Johnson, (I met him afterwards as will appear), and another by the name of Andrews. One of these, I cannot remember which, played the farmer whom the fairy queen wishes to befriend; but I distinctly remember the pretty girl, Fanny Jones, who played the queen, and how she used to say to me as we stood in the wing, as the spaces between the side scenes are called, ready for an entrance upon the stage: "Don't make me laugh because I have got to look solemn." Then she would lengthen her visage, fix her eyes sedately upon the tip of her nose and glide, with mincing steps, upon the stage.

The plot of this fairy spectacle was very simple, and as it conveys a great moral lesson, I will recount it even at the risk of telling something the reader may have heard before.

A good fairy, hearing the complaints of a poor farmer and his wife, takes pity upon them and bestows upon them the three wishes, with the understanding that they will instantly receive what they wish for. The farmer's wife takes the first wish, and wishes for a black pudding a yard long, and the pudding appears magically upon the table; but this magical performance was performed by the property man's boy who was concealed beneath the table. The farmer is so enraged by this foolish wish that he cries out: "I wish you had the pudding stuck to the end of your nose."

Away goes the pudding and fastens to the woman's nose, it being provided with a wire-spring at the end for that purpose. I used to stand in the wing and watch this performance with great delight. The black pudding—ingeniously manufactured by Mr. Wall, the property man, hung quivering to the woman's nose like a huge, bloated black snake, fastened there by its teeth.

Two wishes are thus gone, and to free the woman from this nasal appendage they must use the third and last. There is no help for it. Riches would be of no value to a woman with a black pudding attached to the end of her nose. The farmer loves his wife, despite their little difference of opinion. "I wish it was off again." The black pudding drops to the floor. The three wishes are gone, and the poor couple are no better off for having had them.

The moral of this ingenious fable is obvious; it is not every one that can wisely use the gifts of fortune.

In the course of the play there was a scene where the bumpkins get lost in a wood, following a jack-o'-lantern, which was one of the elves with a light fastened upon his head, an iron cup with a sponge in it saturated with alcohol, which burnt with a steady flame when ignited. The other elves appear and attack them with thorns and briar bushes. This was good sport for my youngsters.

Two of these representatives of the bumpkins were characters in their way. They were what is called "utility" men; that is they performed small parts in the plays, servants, laborers, citizens, and such characters as have only a few words or lines to speak.

One was called Rat-trap Adams, and the other Slags the Veteran. I became very well acquainted with Adams afterwards, and found him to be a wire-worker by trade, and a good one. He made bird cages, and he may have made rat-traps, but I am not sure of it; but the name was applied to him by some one, and fastened to him tenaciously as these nicknames are apt to do. He was a good friend to me, when I became a "utility man," some ten years subsequently.

Slags the Veteran, I met but once afterwards. He had retired from the stage then and was living with his son in a country house at Canton—not China, but Massachusetts. His name was not Slags at all. He was a man of perhaps fifty, but pretended to be twenty-five.

He never got above utility. He could deliver a few lines upon the stage, but if he was entrusted with a part of any importance he was sure to make a botch of it. Thus he remained in a subordinate position, while younger men went above him. He used to feel this keenly, but he never could realize his own incapacity. He used those same expressions which I have heard from actors' lips, and have seen printed in the newspapers for the last twenty-five years, and which, if life is spared me, I expect to hear and read for the next twenty-five years.

"The theater has seen its palmiest days—they can't appreciate acting now as they could in Garrick's time—there's no chance for a young man; these old fellows are all jealous of us. Ah! the drama is going to the dogs!"

So accustomed had the manager become to engaging Slags at the same salary and for the same characters that he was recognized as a fixture in the old Tremont, and called the Veteran.

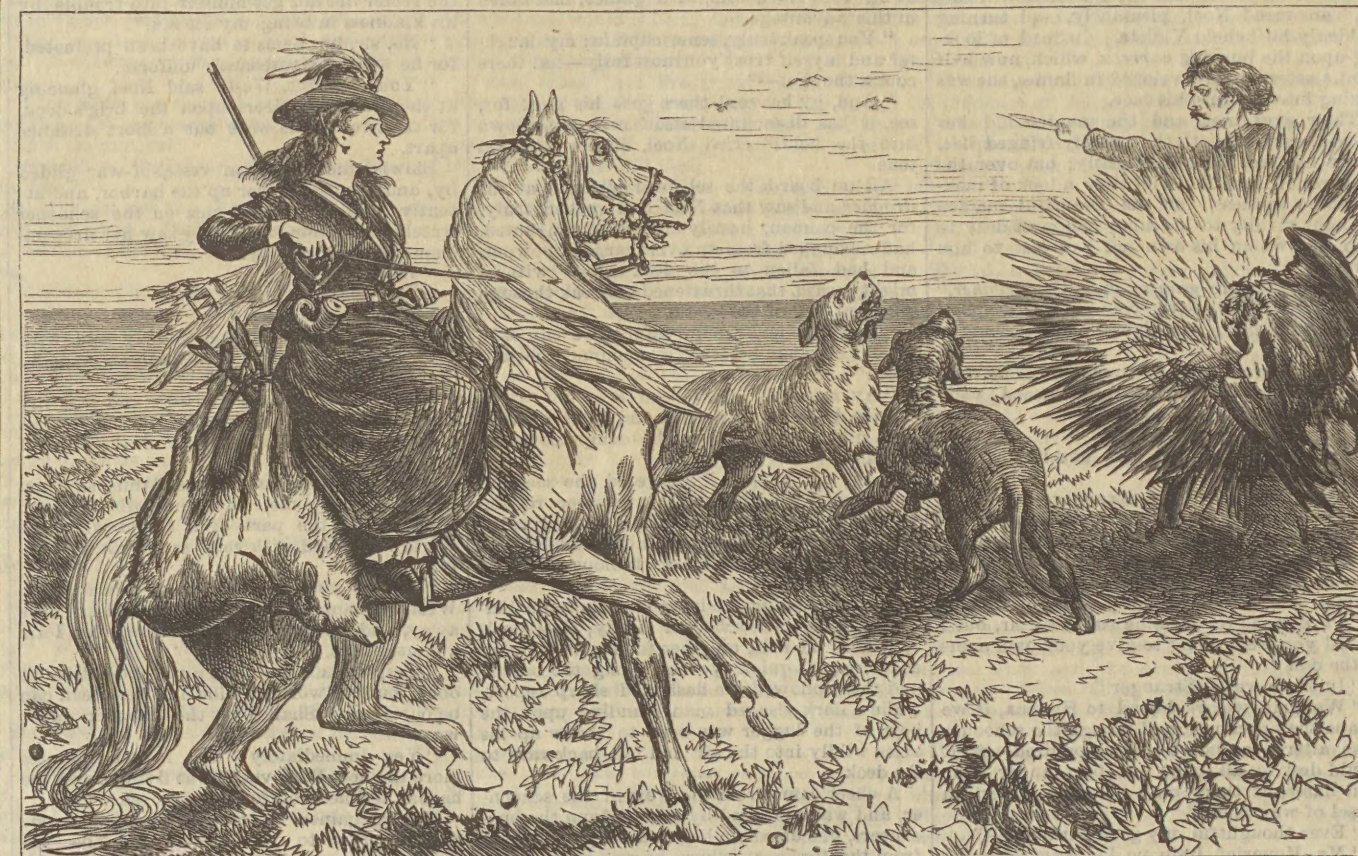
Some actor quoted at him the well-known line of "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." This got him the name of "Superfluous Lags, the Veteran," which was finally abbreviated into "Slags, the Veteran," and under this name I found him.

What his name was on the playbills I do not remember, but it was probably his right one. Actors were not so much in the habit of using false or "stage names" then as at the present day. If an actor's name was Brown, he called himself so; he did not change it to Montague or Fitzallan, or twist it into Barron.

A great actor came next to the Tremont—W. C. Macready, the celebrated English tragedian. He struck me at that time as a very precise man, with a peculiar drawl in his voice. His rehearsals were marvels of care and attention, and every action was expected to be performed with the regularity of clock-work.

He exercised the patience of the company considerably, and I heard so many uncomplimentary allusions to this "blasted Englishman," that I began to regard him as a kind of ogre, and dodged out of the wings when I saw him coming.

But there was one man in the theater who was very laudatory in his remarks, declaring that Macready was the greatest actor who ever lived. As he was an Englishman him-



"Santissima!" she exclaimed, seeing the swooping vultures, and then she drove her steed upon the dogs.

self, his nationality may have had much to do with his opinion. He was a tall, sleepy-eyed man, with an ungainly form, and very round-shouldered. He must have been born within the precincts of "Bowbells," for he had a strong Cockney accent, and aspired his h's to a great extent.

He had been an actor of some celebrity in the Old Country, according to his own story, and occasionally performed a character when there was a very full cast at the Tremont. He played what is called "heavy business"—and was a very good representative of ruffians, brigands, smugglers, bluff old sea-captains, and the like.

It happened one day, when the play of Hamlet was to be represented at night, that the actor who was to take the part of the King fell suddenly sick. The notice of his illness was received at rehearsal. This was a serious dilemma, as the character is an important one. Somebody suggested that Taylor might have played the part, and could be substituted for the sick actor. Taylor was the costumer. He was sent for, and Macready interrogated him in that peculiarly dignified way that was so characteristic of him.

"Did you—ah—ever play the King—ah—in Hamlet—ah—Mr. Taylor?" he inquired.

"H! never did," responded Taylor; "but hif hit will be hany haccommodation to you, Mr. Macready, h'I think h'I could gog it."

"Gog" was his pronunciation of "gag"—that is a technical term meaning to interpolate, or substitute, other words for the text of the author.

"Gag it!" cried Macready, his voice rising into a shriek of disgusted dismay. "Gag Shakespeare! G-o-o-d G-o-o-d! Oh! take him away—take him away!"

Taylor retired, grumbling to himself, "I could ha' done hit. H! I've gogged many a part afore now."

The difficulty was got over by borrowing an actor from one of the other theaters.

## The Hunter's Peril

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was midnight, and myriads of stars shone brilliantly on the high table plains of Chihuahua, one of Mexico's northern States. A light breeze from the north stirred the short grass, but failed to move the sword leaves of the beautiful yucca (Spanish bayonet plant) visible everywhere. No sign of forest was discernible; the plant I have just mentioned was the sole object that relieved the eyes of the man who stood in the midst of this apparent desolation.

He was tall, and young in years. His features, dress and the rifle he carried pro-

claimed him an American. There was an expression amounting almost to despair on his prepossessing face, and he looked around like one bewildered—lost in the pathless waste that surrounded him.

How came he where he stood that November night?

Martel Kensett was a native of the Empire State, and the love of adventure had brought him to Mexico. Not the love of adventure, only, I should have said, though it was the prime motive that influenced him in leaving the States.

In company with a man named Philip Ganelon—an adventurer of French extraction—he sought Mexico, and for several months the twain had hunted the prong-horned antelopes of Chihuahua's table lands, with good success. At dusk on the night with which we deal, the young hunter left the little encampment near the banks of a clear stream, and rode out upon the plain. Ganelon was absent from camp, and would not, in all probability, return before morning.

On, on, across the table plain Kensett's horse bore him, and the youth, having given himself up to thought, did not notice the path the ironed hoofs was breaking through the grass.

Suddenly the horse uttered a snort of pain, and sprang forward, jerking his rider from the saddle.

The fall for a moment stunned Martel, and when he recovered, his steed was out of sight. Above him, the studded vault of heaven; about him, dreary grass and the swordy aloes.

The serpent that hissed near him told the story of his horse's flight. The animal had trodden upon the venomous reptile, which in turn had repaid the indignity by a bite that, in a few hours, would result in death.

The sight of the cause of his fall threw the hunter into a passion, and the next moment he had shivered the serpent's head with his rifle.

For several minutes he stood over his writhing enemy, undecided concerning future action. When, at last, he roused himself, he found that the trail his steed had made in the short grass was not visible in the starlight. Then he was at a loss what to do; but, taking bearings as best he could, he finally moved off.

For several hours he walked over the plain, and then made the discovery that he had returned to the identical spot where he had been unhorsed!



"I will but repeat my circle if I move away again," he murmured. "Ganelon will miss me, and the trail I cannot discern, will prove plain to him. I wonder if Montejito will carry out his threats? I did not know the dogs were his, else I should not have shot the black one. Yes, I will spend the night here," and the lost American sat down on the ground and soon fell asleep.

For two hours he slept undisturbed, but then what the sharp barking of the coyotes did not do the deep baying of a bloodhound quickly effected, and Martel Kensett sprang to his feet, to make a discovery that startled him. His powder-horn was missing! Undoubtedly he had lost it during his tramp after the fall, and the discovery, with the baying of the hound, brought a pallor to his cheeks. He listened and heard the long cry, so dreaded by the recreant peons—the slaves in that country—and the death-note of more than one victim of man's revenge.

"I will fly to the north!" cried the imperiled man. "I believe I am in the center of this plain, and that I can distance the accursed hounds—Montejito's, no doubt."

Fixing his eyes on the Polar star the youth started forward, and hurried across the dreary plain. At intervals the dogs, evidently two in number, were silent; but he knew the nature of the tracking brutes, and felt that they had not left his trail.

He saw the gray streaks of dawn to his left; but nothing appeared to tell him that he was near the edge of the table plain. The outlook was certainly dreary enough to the Northerner, and the bloodhounds were still on his trail.

"I go no further," he said, at last, coming to a sudden halt before agiant yucca. "I will meet the dogs here, and their owner, also, if he comes. I do not fear the Dios Montejito, who has sworn to take a human life for his dog's death. I killed his dog, but not to incur his anger. I did it to save my antelope."

As the light of day grew stronger, the hunter's eyes, sweeping the expanse of country around him, caught sight of two black specks on the horizon. At first they appeared plants on the plain; but he soon perceived that they were animals—and what kind of animals but bloodhounds?

Yes, the Cuban dogs were on the hunter's trail; but they did not come alone to the work of destruction.

There were black specks in the higher sky. "Vultures!" said the young man, with a grim smile, watching the new fowls. "I shall have no dearth of enemies it seems."

The birds approached with more rapidity than the beasts. They came toward him like arrows shot from well-bent bows, and he heard the flapping of their black wings. But suddenly they soared higher into the atmosphere, and began to describe circles over his head.

With strange interest the young man watch-

ed the circles contract; but ever and anon glanced at the bounds whose baying had grown doubly distinct. He clutched his rifle-barrel near the muzzle, and waited for the birds—the somber zopilotes of Mexico.

Nearer and nearer they approached him, and the foremost bird received a terrible blow from the gun.

"One!" exclaimed the hunter, in triumph, as he saw the dead bird lodge on the rigid spikes of the yucca, and the others withdraw for a moment from the conflict. "I cannot fight them forever; but they will find me beligerent so long as life remains in my body!"

The vultures seemed inclined to return to their aerial homes, for they rose higher and higher in the clear atmosphere after the death of their adventurous leader, and the bloodhounds promised to finish the battle.

The dogs were quite near the hunter—so near, indeed, that he could distinguish their color, and see their fiery eyes and frothy mouths. They had espied the yucca-protected man, and came forward with growls of delight. Massive animals and fierce they were, more than a match for the travel-worn and hungry adventurer, whose life they had sought through the night.

"Montejito's dogs! I knew it!" said Kensett. "But where is their mad master? I cannot see him on the plain. Perhaps the dogs have taken upon themselves the bloody task of avenging the death of their companion."

In the yucca the hunter found a friend, for its sharp spikes kept the dogs aloof.

The blood-hunting animals encircled the clump, baying dismally and madly at the enemy, and occasionally pricking their mouths on the spear-like leaves.

Each flying moment the hounds' fury increased, and Martel Kensett knew that they would soon spring at him, unmindful in their blind fury, of the natural *chevaux-de-frise*.

He saw his doom in the eyes of the brutes, and in the black wings again flapping over his head.

But in the moment of his despair aid seemed at hand.

To his right there appeared a dark object on the table plain, and far away. He watched it with an eye that beamed with hope, and perceived with joy that some person on horseback was approaching.

Was it Ganelon! He thought so!



Watching the horse and his rider, the attacked man neglected the dogs and the vultures; but he repulsed them when he found himself in immediate peril.

He could not take his eyes from the white steed and his rider, who was not his old friend Ganelon, but a woman.

She approached with rapidity, and uttered an ejaculation of surprise when she suddenly reined in her horse a few feet from the yucca tree.

Martel Kensett saw at a glance that she was beautiful, and a veritable huntress of the table land. He saw the rifle swung over her back, and the result of her morning hunt, two prong-horned antelopes, hanging like saddle-bags over the croup.

"Santissima!" she exclaimed, seeing the swooping vultures, and then she drove her steed upon the dogs. "Abajo! (down) Zita! Milo! the gentlemen are no peon! He is an Americano. Sneak off, *jeos!* Who put you on the caballero's track?"

The ugly brutes slunk away like dogs accustomed to obey the voice they had heard, and the vultures for the third time left their prey unmolested.

"Thanks, *senorita*," said Kensett, leaving the tree, and bowing to his fair rescuer. "I owe you a life, for the dogs would have destroyed me."

"Zita and Milo are mad, *caballero*," she answered. "They have tracked you a long way, no doubt."

"From our camp by the river, I suspect," and then Martel Kensett proceeded to narrate his adventures.

The girl in the saddle listened with unwrapped attention, and when he had finished, said: "I am glad that I have favored you. Will you return the compliment?"

"With pleasure, if I can," answered the American, quickly. "What is your wish, *senorita*?"

"I want you to accompany me home, *caballero*," she answered. "I will not hear a refusal," and a smile toyed with her finely-chiseled lips.

For a moment the young hunter did not speak, and the girl noticed his hesitation. "Your name, *senorita*?" he asked.

"Lilota Montejito."

"I will go with you!" he made reply.

A few moments later the spot was deserted, and Martel Kensett, walking beside the white horse, was conversing with the girl who had saved his life.

The brace of hounds, subdued by silvery tones, trotted leisurely at the horse's heels.

(To be continued.)

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him. The expression of truth is simplicity.

## A ROSARY OF RHYME.

THE rose-leaves that shower down under the June rose-bushes are not more sweet than many of the offerings which are showered down upon our table by those who love thus to

"Tell the tale that the tongue is too timid to speak,"

and like the rose-leaves, which we gather as they fall and put away in our drawers and trunks to fill all therein with their fragrance, we must gather some of these rhymed utterances to preserve them for their sweetness in thought and suggestiveness of sentiment.

This simple verse contains a truth that is true the world over:

## TRUE LOVE.

True love is like the oak tree  
Which wind nor storm can break;  
True love is like the mountain  
Which is never known to shake;  
True love is like the ocean—  
As boundless and as deep;  
True love will last a lifetime  
Till in death we calmly sleep.

W. C. K.

In a lyric strain that almost trips from the lips, this author typifies an equally potent fact:

## LIFE.

Merrily glides our boat along;  
The flowers nod, and the breezes blow;  
And loudly we carol a lively song  
As down the river we swiftly go.  
And the wild birds sing on the swinging spray,  
As merrily sail we far away.

How quickly circles the flaming sun  
Over the sky of an autumn day;  
The moments pass us, one by one,  
And the hours flee, for time won't stay!  
And the mouth of the river at length is past,  
And we are afloat on the sea at last.

FRANK DAVES.

## Beat Time's Notes.

TALK as much as you please—if you please.

If you snore, don't go to sleep in church; it takes the nap off the sermon.

Don't tend to other people's business unless you see there is money in it.

If you set too high a value on yourself no one will care to invest in you.

Don't sit with your feet placed on the mantelpiece; they might fall off and break.

NEVER go along with your handkerchief hanging clear out of your pocket.

PROFANITY is out of place in a gentleman and no one will swear out of place.

You can do good in this world although you have but little of this world's goods.

GENTILITY is the true art of refusing to loan an umbrella—although I am no artist.

If you must kiss your girl don't make a mustard poultice of yourself by drawing a blister on her lips.

ALWAYS tip your beaver to the ladies on the street. Politeness, tipped with beaver, is a good thing.

THE true art of politeness consists in making people think you are a shade or a shade and a half better than you are.

A GENTLEMAN if he happens to be insulted will take it with great forbearance and then insist on the fellow to "take that."

If you are walking with a lady on your right hand don't give her your left arm. I don't see how you could do this.

WHEN you laugh in company don't open your mouth so wide that you will endanger the rafters in the roof of your mouth.

It is an evident and commendable mark of good breeding to see a man spit as near to the spittoon as he can.

If you enter a house with muddy boots which make tracks the folks would be pleased to see you make tracks.

In walking with a lady in a shower you will be expected to take the outside of the pavement—and the umbrella.

ONE of nature's noblemen will be as circumspect in his carriage as in his wheelbarrow. A good deal hinges upon his gait.

ALWAYS treat your superiors with as much politeness as if they were your equals. The only difficulty in this rule will be that of finding your superior.

DON'T contradict any person talking unless you know they are wrong, then it will give you prominence in company by making you the center of all eyes.

A TRUE gentleman will prove his title as much in courtly circles as in running down street after his hat before a high wind with everybody applauding.

DON'T pull off your glove when you go to shake hands with a friend; but it is the height of politeness to pull off your boot before you kick another.

In taking a lady to the theater be sure not to discover that you have left your pocket-book till you get there, if you think you will enjoy the situation. This may not be politeness, but it is excusable.

I HAVE lately been practicing gymnastics, and arrived at a high state of agility. I can lie down on my back and get up without anybody helping me. I can stand myself up on my head and then go across the room and make faces at myself. I can stand on my hands, but never undertake to stand on my hands with my boots on for fear I would mash my hands. At eucher I never fail to stand on my hands, if they're full. My ears are so strong that I can catch them and lift myself up by them. I can throw a sixty-pound cannon-ball up and catch it (like thunder) on my back as it comes down. I can walk a chalk-line pretty good. With boxing-gloves I am an adept—I always wear gloves when I am boxing anything up. I can balance a ladder on my chin and then climb up to the top of it, carrying myself all around the ring. I can jump clear over my head with the greatest ease. Some men think it difficult to walk one tight-rope; I can walk four without half trying. I know more about gymnastics than Jim Nast himself.

BEAT TIME.